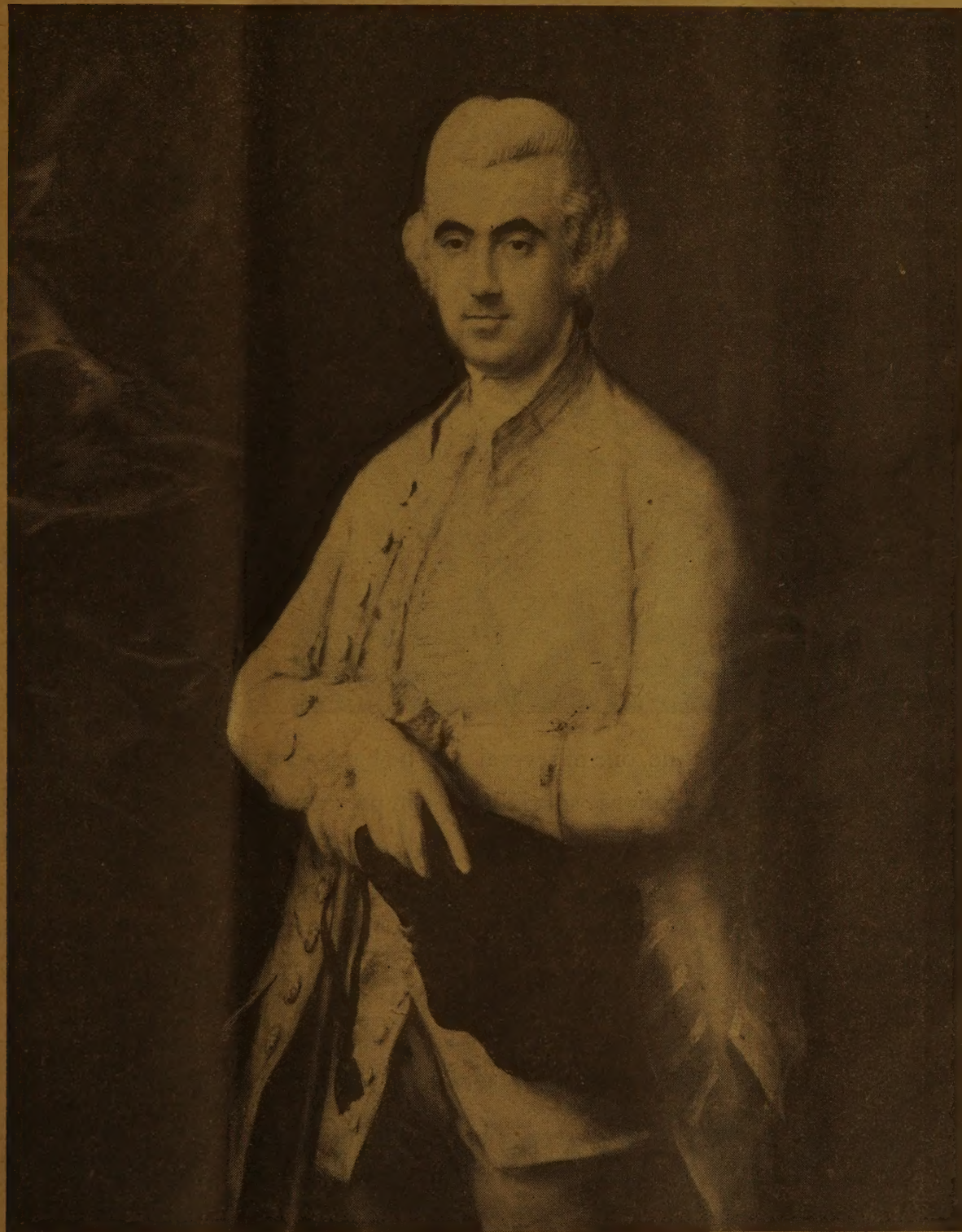


The Listener

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Portrait of Sir Robert Clayton by Gainsborough (see page 714)

In this number:

Japan's Place in the World Today (W. G. Beasley)
The Bolshevik Revolution in Perspective (E. H. Carr)
Problems of the Modern Novelist (T. R. Fyvel)



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The Listener

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The Budget of 1955

By the Rt. Hon. R. A. BUTLER, C.H., M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer*

I EXPECT you have all heard by now what was in the Budget. Do you remember that, last year, I asked you to think of the Budget much as you would think of your own accounts, in your own housekeeping, your club, or your business? I suggested to you then that when you have had a good year you do not promptly decide that you can afford to relax. You keep a sharp eye on two things ahead of you: first, the bills that you are going to have to meet in the next twelve months and, second, the state of business generally. That is what I did last year.

The bills added up to a very large total. They left me with a surplus, as I then thought, of only £10,000,000—that is a bare margin of income over expenses. At that time I could see the beginnings of what might have been a recession in the great United States market—a recession which, if it had developed, could have affected the trade of the world very seriously, not least our own. So I did what I think any of you would have done in arranging your own affairs in similar circumstances; I decided that 1954 was no year for taking risks or making things easier. But I also made up my mind that, before the next Budget came, I would have a pretty close look at those bills of ours, which mount up to such a staggering figure every year. I will tell you, in a moment, how far I kept my resolution.

Meanwhile, I think last year's decision has proved right.

Nineteen-fifty-four did not work out so badly after all. The recession, as it is called, in American trade was halted before it got very far, thanks largely to the vigorous action taken by the American Government. At the same time, trade and production both here and in Europe kept up much better than some people expected at the beginning of the year. Employment in peace time has never been so high as it is now. But it was because I was careful last year, when things looked uncertain, that we are free now to move forward again.

Perhaps you are feeling, this being so, that I ought to have been more generous in this Budget than I have been. But remember that all the good things in life are not produced by the Budget—as you will realise if you look back over the last few years and think how much better most of us are doing than we were. In the last two years both wage rates and actual earnings have risen more than prices. As a result, people on the average have been buying about eight per cent. more goods than two years ago—that sounds very technical but it means you have been able to buy a baker's dozen, that is thirteen for every dozen you used to be able to afford.

Since this Government came into power social service payments also have gone up. When all the new scales are in operation, the rise in war pensions, old age pensions, sickness benefit, unemployment benefit, family allowances, will all be more than twice as

* Mr. Butler spoke for the Government; the Rt. Hon. Hugh Gaitskill's broadcast talk for the Opposition will be printed in THE LISTENER next week

much—some of them four times as much—as the rise in the cost of living since October 1951, when we took over. We must remember all these things when we are tempted to expect even more from the Budget.

For you must never forget that the Budget's job really is to be a sort of regulator. This small island of ours depends upon imports—both for much of the food we eat and for the great bulk of those raw materials which are the foundation of prosperity and employment in our factories and industries of all kinds. All these imports, of course, have to be paid for by exports. Now this is the thing to remember: the better we live, the busier our factories are, the higher our level of employment—then the more food and the more raw materials we have to import. But the more we import, the more we must sell abroad to pay for what we bring in. Or, if you like to put it like this, the more prosperous we are, the more we must make sure that our prosperity pays for itself as it grows. So, you see, we must take care not to consume at home too many of the goods that we ought to be selling abroad.

Doing Ourselves a Bit Too Well

Let me put this point to you in every-day terms. If you are selling something—let us suppose that you are running a shop—you do not let the family take too many of the goods for your own use which ought to be in the shop window and on the counter. You know very well that it is only if you keep your shop window well stocked and your counter busy that you will do enough trade to be able to buy what you need and then you can fill the family's own cupboards and table. About the turn of this year, it became clear that we at home were doing ourselves just a little bit too well. We really were beginning to forget that our standard of life at home depends in the end on our ability to earn our living in the markets of the world. And that is the reason why, two months ago, we took steps to check up on borrowing and to tighten it, and to make people think a little before they launched out too far.

You may hear it suggested that it would have been better to return to the whole irksome system of controls and restrictions and rationing. I was very keen to avoid, if I could, anything which would hamper our own people and discourage our friends abroad. We prefer to rely on people's good sense to slow down in time when they are warned. And so we acted promptly in February; and I believe that we acted in good time. That is shown by the recent movement in our gold and dollar reserves; and, besides, the pound sterling is stronger in the great international markets than it has been for some time. But it is too early to be sure yet; we must still be gentle putting our foot down on the accelerator.

Expenditure and Economies

With one eye on our exports, I have still got to be careful how much money I give away to you in this Budget. But I have done what I said earlier and what I determined to do last year, and I have had a thorough look at all the bills which the Government has got to pay. I have been as generous as I can to all who work in agriculture whose costs have gone up and which was so hard hit by the weather last year. And for the social services, for instance health, education, for so many millions of our people. I have found no less than £87,000,000 more than I undertook to find last year. But I have also enforced economies, wherever they can be made without risk to the safety and well-being of the country.

As a result of all this I can see ahead of me this year not the bare margin of £10,000,000, which was all I could count on last April, but a surplus of about £280,000,000. But for the reasons which I have just mentioned, I am going to give away only about half of it, and I am going to give it away in the form in which I think it will do most good to the country as a whole.

You must realise, as a nation, we are still far too heavily taxed; in fact we are one of the heaviest taxed nations in the world. So

first of all, I am going to take 6d. off the standard rate of income tax and 3d. off all the reduced rates. I am certain that nothing else I can do will give the country so good a chance to breathe, to stretch, to grow. First of all, it should give industry a new spur to greater effort, higher output, keener prices. And it should give the individual man and woman much-needed and much-deserved relief and encouragement.

But I have done even more for the individual. I have increased his tax-free personal allowances—by £20 if he is single and £30 if he is married. This means that for the single person the allowance rises from £120 to £140, and for the married man from £210 to £240. I have had to find the money for part of this by reducing the amount of income upon which you pay the lowest rate of tax; but I have succeeded in this way in freeing the smallest incomes from tax altogether. And for the family man, I have gone still further, by increasing the child allowance from £85 to £100 because I believe that parents who are having to bring up and educate children are as hard pressed and deserving as anybody.

Then I have halved the purchase tax on cloth and certain other goods made of cotton, linen, and rayon—your sheets, your towels, your curtains, and certain quality goods. This should be both a help to you and an encouragement to Lancashire and Northern Ireland who are having certain difficulties at the present time. Of course, these difficulties go wider than purchase tax, but tonight I can deal only with the purchase tax aspect. All in all, I shall be giving back rather more than £130,000,000 this year. I do not know if you realise over 17,000,000 people pay income tax and so will benefit from this Budget—with all their families—that means a very much bigger figure—and 2,500,000 out of these tax payers will be freed from the tax altogether. No more P.A.Y.E. for nearly 2,500,000 people; and a real easing of the burden for everybody who remains liable to tax.

Relief as Encouragement to Greater Effort

But do remember what I told you about prosperity having to pay its own way. I am giving this relief as an encouragement to greater effort. I am giving it as something to show that it is really worth while working hard for your country. I am giving it in the belief that if, by *your* efforts and *your* self-discipline, we can produce yet more goods, of higher quality, at keener prices, we shall be able to export enough to pay for our vital imports and, at the same time, to enjoy increasing prosperity at home.

This is the fourth Budget that I have introduced. Look back for a moment over the whole four of them, and see what we have done. We have twice reduced the standard rate of income tax. We have twice raised the tax-free personal allowances and the child allowance. We have twice increased the tax relief on earned income. We have increased the old-age relief. And we have provided industry with fresh incentives to invest in plant, machinery, and buildings which are the very foundation of employment in this country and the surest hope of an ever higher standard of living for our children. Year by year, we have thrown off some of the dead weight of taxation, which has slowed down enterprise and initiative, and cramped the freedom of personal and social life, and dulled the adventurous spirit of our people. That is what our four Budgets have achieved for this country. For the future we have to go out and sell more abroad, inspired by the spirit of initiative, enterprise, and adventure.

You know that whether I have to be careful or can afford to be generous in my policies, it is always the well-being of our country as a whole which is my constant concern. By giving you tonight some fresh encouragement I feel I am doing the right thing to make our future more certain. I believe most ardently that the policy I recommend to you is the only one which will ensure a confident future for our country. It is conviction and will which will see us through; I have felt that all these last three-and-a-half years. I want you to feel the same sense of spirit and mission as I do, and so to march forward boldly and with faith.—*Home Service*

Japan's Place in the World Today

By W. G. BEASLEY

ABOUT a month ago, the Japanese Diet elected a new Prime Minister, Mr. Ichiro Hatoyama—an event which in its way marks the end of a chapter in post-war Japanese history. Mr. Hatoyama's predecessor, Mr. Yoshida, had held office continuously for more than six years. This means that he was responsible for policy during much of the occupation period and also when the occupation ended and Japan re-emerged on the international scene. The peace treaty, for example, was largely Mr. Yoshida's work; so was the defence agreement with America. So his defeat and resignation at the end of last year were bound to arouse speculation about whether this would be the signal for a new direction in Japanese policy, and, if so, what that direction was likely to be. Now that the elections are over and the new government has been formed, it is becoming possible to provide some sort of answer to these questions.

In the first place, it is fairly clear that there is going to be little change in Japanese policy at home. Mr. Yoshida's party, the Liberals, have been defeated, and Mr. Hatoyama's Democrats are now the largest party in the Lower House; but both are conservative in their views. On the whole, they offer very much the same solutions to Japan's domestic problems. In fact, about the only difference between them is that the Democrats are a little more extravagant in their promises: more housing, more welfare services, and at the same time less taxes. If it were not for personal quarrels between their leaders, there is no real reason why the two parties should not work together. But these quarrels have been bitter, and there is now relatively little chance of coalition; especially as Mr. Yoshida himself—though no longer a party leader—still has a seat in the Diet and retains a good deal of political influence.

So, in home affairs, the change of government means a change of men rather than a change of ideas. The question is how far this applies to foreign policy, and judging by some of the speeches made before and during the election there might be greater changes in this. For some time now Mr. Hatoyama has been urging that Japan should follow a more independent line in world affairs—independent, that is, of America—and that she should change her constitution so as to permit the creation of a proper army and navy, in place of the so-called 'defence forces' which she has at present. At first this sounded ominously like a revival of old military ambitions. But when the policy was explained more fully, it took on a rather different colouring. Japan, so Mr. Hatoyama said, must put her relations with Russia on a more normal footing and try to settle some of the problems outstanding between the two countries. She must also make every effort to expand her trade with Communist China. This began to sound more like a policy of neutralism, similar in some ways to that of India, and it aroused fears that the west was about to lose a valuable ally. Election

speeches can never be taken as too reliable an index to a government's intentions; but when they come, as they did on this occasion, from a man who had for some weeks been head of a caretaker cabinet, and who was confidently expected to be the next Prime Minister, they must be taken more seriously than most.

In putting this case Mr. Hatoyama was speaking for a large body of Japanese opinion, and one thing is certain, his speeches won him a good deal of popularity. For generations the Japanese people have had a strong desire for international recognition and prestige. It is this which has sometimes led them to support their government in policies of aggression against their neighbours. The desire is undoubtedly still there, but after defeat and several years of military occupation, it no longer takes quite the same form. Now it produces a demand that Japan should follow a line of her own, without subservience or dependence on any other country. This means

America since America is the country with which Japan is linked by military agreement, and also the one which provided most of the occupation forces. So nationalism is tinged with anti-American feeling. The most frequent criticism made of Mr. Yoshida was that he was too willing to follow America's lead. I think it is not so much that Japan wants a complete break with America, but that her national pride needs to be satisfied by a display of independence. It is partly from this point of view that one should assess the talk about treaties with Russia and Communist China.

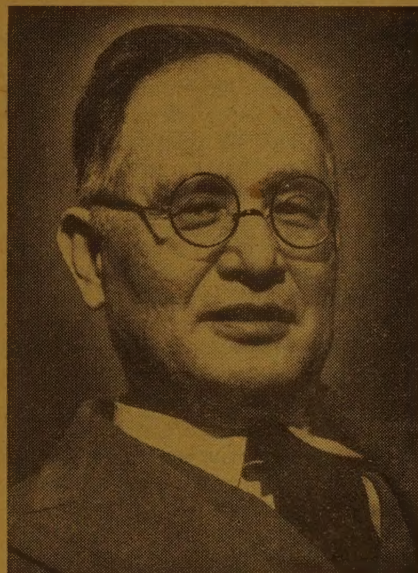
There are also some perfectly practical advantages to be gained from opening negotiations with Moscow and Peking. It will be a long time before the Japanese forget the hardships which they suffered during and after the last war; and the fear of the hydrogen bomb is naturally greater in the only country which has actually been attacked with atomic weapons. For these reasons many people in Japan are ready to welcome any move which might help to keep them out of a future war, whatever its causes or purpose. Talks with Russia, they feel, might be a step in that direction. What is

more, there are some things that Japan wants and only Russia can give. For instance, there are still believed to be thousands of Japanese prisoners of war in Russian hands; there are questions to be settled about fishing rights in Russian waters; and there is even some slight hope of recovering one or two islands in the north which passed to Russia under the terms of the Potsdam agreement.

Japan's relations with China present a rather different problem. In the first place, Japanese have too long a record of victory against China to be very much afraid of her, despite her obviously growing strength. Secondly, they are desperately concerned about the prospects for their trade, and they regard trade with China as a possible answer to their economic difficulties. Before the war, China was Japan's largest customer



Ichiro Hatoyama, the new Prime Minister of Japan



Mamoru Shigemitsu, the Japanese Foreign Minister



Shigeru Yoshida, former Prime Minister

and provided much of her imported coal and iron. Today, the China trade is a mere trickle, and it is unlikely to increase very markedly while political difficulties continue. To the Japanese business man, who sees little prospect that the rest of the world will open markets to him, this is a strong argument in favour of discussions with Peking.

In view of all this, it was a shrewd move on Mr. Hatoyama's part to choose foreign policy as the theme of so many of his speeches. It is a subject on which the Japanese electorate feels strongly, and there is a long tradition in Japan of using foreign policy as a means of gaining votes. Time and again in modern history it has proved to be one of the most effective weapons in the domestic struggle for power. But this is not necessarily to suggest that votes were Mr. Hatoyama's only motive; he has the reputation of being one who reflects rather than creates opinion, and there can be no doubt that in this case he reflects it accurately. Even so, there are obvious difficulties to be faced which are likely to modify his views, now that he bears the full responsibilities of office.

For one thing, Russia is unlikely to make any important concessions without something in return. She would probably demand a more drastic loosening of Japan's ties with America than Japanese opinion would at present contemplate. Then, China is no longer as good an outlet for trade as many Japanese still like to think. Fifteen years ago, after all, there was a Japanese army there to influence the placing of contracts; and now, too, communist plans for the strengthening of Chinese industry presumably means that less coal and iron is available for export from China. So while something could certainly be done to improve Sino-Japanese trade, it may not be all that many Japanese hope. Much more probably would be done if the political price made it worth China's while, if, for example, Japan withdrew her recognition of Chiang Kai-shek. Left to herself, Japan might be willing to pay such a price. But it is difficult to see how in practice she can do so. The Japanese economy is heavily dependent on American trade and American support, and it is therefore most unlikely that Japan can make agreements with Moscow and Peking which run directly counter to America's Far Eastern policy. So Mr. Hatoyama's dilemma is that he wishes to improve Japan's relations with Russia and Communist China, but cannot afford to give serious offence to the United States. This is reflected in his choice of Mr. Shigemitsu as Foreign Secretary; for Mr. Shigemitsu, far more than Mr. Hatoyama himself, is publicly committed to supporting the American alliance. In fact, his enthusiastic desire to say so has brought him something of a snub from Mr. Dulles.

Apart from the influence of America, the political situation in Japan itself will serve to prevent any violent change of policy. The Democratic Party does not have an absolute majority in the Lower House of

the Diet. In fact, it has only 185 seats out of a total of 467, so it will take about another 50 votes—or, alternatively, about 100 abstentions—for the Government to get its measures through. A working agreement with the Liberals would achieve this; but the Liberals have just been turned out of office for their supposed 'subservience to America', so they are not very likely to support a foreign policy which goes far in the opposite direction. The Socialists, by contrast, might be willing to support Mr. Hatoyama's foreign policy, but they are his bitter critics on all aspects of home affairs. It is just possible that the new Government will try to walk a political tightrope between the two, relying on Liberal votes for some of its actions and Socialist votes for others, but this is a difficult feat to carry on for long. There would always be the danger of a Socialist-Liberal alliance, the same sort of temporary agreement as the Democrats themselves used to defeat Mr. Yoshida last year. The thing most likely to prevent such a move is the fact that elections are expensive—and there have already been three in as many years. I do not believe that any party will want to force another in the immediate future.

In these circumstances, I, personally, doubt whether Mr. Hatoyama will feel free to make any revolutionary change in Japan's relations with the outside world. He will probably have to continue with the plan for talks with Russia, but I think the result is likely to be a few conciliatory gestures rather than any decision of importance. He must also seek an expansion of trade with China, though without sacrificing American help in the process. On balance, in fact, we are likely to see a series of small adjustments rather than a sudden change of course.

None the less, there is a widespread mood of unrest and frustration in Japan. In the past ten years she has suffered defeat and the loss of her overseas empire. Her political life has been subjected to rapid and often bewildering reforms, not all of which have been assimilated. Her economy rests on insecure foundations, and she may well face disaster if outlets cannot be found for her trade. These facts are reflected in a groping after new ideas. It is significant that the Socialists, whose foreign policy Mr. Hatoyama has largely stolen, have strengthened their position at each of the last two elections, and are thought to be getting the support of many of those who are just reaching voting age.

It is to be hoped that Japan will solve these problems, both political and economic, without social disruption. The possibility that she can do so will be greater if her new government, through its foreign policy, can do something to reduce tensions within Japan. In fact, if the present changes in Japan give her a greater stability, still more if they enable her to play an active part in settling the international problems of the Far East, the result will be to the advantage of the west as well as Japan.—*Home Service*

China and the Bandung Conference

By RICHARD GOOLD-ADAMS

LAST week, a four-engined airliner of Air India International crashed into the South China Sea. This was only the second serious crash that Air India has ever had. But what was most remarkable about it was that the passengers were all Chinese communists going to the Afro-Asian conference at Bandung in Java. When one thinks of the communists' boast about their new order, it is striking that they found it necessary to charter an Indian-operated, American airliner, and to take off from the British colony of Hong Kong, in order to get to Bandung at all. Since the crash Peking has accused the Hong Kong Government of letting the aircraft be sabotaged, and the British have protested that they even took special measures to protect it. The Chinese tolerate Hong Kong as a useful market and port—and evidently airport, too. But I do think it is an unhealthy development that they should be looking for trouble out of this crash, as I feel that it is only a matter of time before the Chinese make some attempt to squeeze us out of Hong Kong altogether—as the Russians tried to get the Western Powers out of Berlin with their blockade.

This whole incident, in fact, touches at one blow a good many of the current leading issues in the far East, issues that will certainly be among those discussed at the Bandung conference. I was in Java a few weeks after the State of Indonesia was born out of the ruins of the

Dutch East Indies five years ago. Today it is almost entirely the Indonesians who are behind this conference of twenty-nine Asian, Middle East, and African countries. From what I know of their position I am pretty clear that the Indonesian leaders have called the conference largely in order to distract the attention of their own people from Indonesia's political and economic confusion. But the result is historic. Such a gathering of coloured statesmen has never taken place before. Nearly all the big names are there: Mr. Nehru, Colonel Nasser from Egypt, Mr. Chou En-lai from China. Even Dr. Nkrumah of the Gold Coast only failed to go at the last moment because things are too difficult for him at home.

But it is one thing to stage such a meeting and another to decide anything useful at it, particularly when there is no clear aim of this conference, and the only real bond between its members is anti-colonialism and anti-westernism. I think the interesting question at Bandung is going to be the role of the Chinese, who will be there without the Russians. Some Asians believe—for example, many Indians—that China's communist revolution is also a purely national one, and that it has no aggressive aims. Others looking back are beginning to be shaken by what happened in Korea, by what is going on now in Indo-China, and by China's apparent willingness to go to war over

Formosa. If, therefore, the Chinese succeeded in using this unique occasion—as I think Mr. Chou En-lai will try to do, although at present he seems to be holding back—as a mere platform for communist propaganda, then the effect may be serious, and Lenin's dictum that the road to Paris lies through Peking and Calcutta will have come an important stage nearer realisation. If, on the other hand, people like the Turks and Iraqis, the Pakistanis and perhaps the Japanese can prevent Chinese domination of the conference, then they will all have struck a blow for their own freedom.

From our own point of view, the Far East is no longer far away. The fact is that more is happening there today than in any other part of the world, and that our own future will depend on what comes out of it all. Only in the past two or three weeks, for instance, a flood of significant news has been pouring in. In Korea, the communist north has been piling up fresh armaments contrary to Article 13D of the Armistice agreement. In Japan, the new Hatoyama Government's policy of trying to play America off against Russia and China has received a setback from Washington's refusal at present to accept a visit from the Japanese Foreign Minister. In China itself, we have had the first evidence of serious dissensions in the regime with the purging and suicide of Kao Kang, a former chairman of the State Planning Commission. To my mind, this has marked a fascinating new stage in the drama of communist development in China. Then, over the Formosa dispute, the Chinese have just completed their big new jet airfield on the coast, giving them fighter cover as far as Formosa; and in the United States, Mr. Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic leader, has made his first major policy speech for several months, with a scathing attack on the Eisenhower Administration for getting out of step with America's allies. In Indo-China the continuing futility of the south Viet-Namense Government reminds one more and more of the old China under General Chiang Kai-shek. Personally, I am afraid that, unless something unexpected does happen, we shall see another major shift in the communists' favour in south-east Asia during the next twelve months.

That, however, is looking some way ahead. The immediate Far Eastern problem is still the fate of Formosa and the Chinese offshore islands. April 15 came and went without the communist attack on Matsu and Quemoy which Admiral Carney and certain other Americans had predicted. But sooner or later that attack will come, if the Americans

do not persuade the Nationalists to evacuate the offshore islands first. My own conviction is growing that President Eisenhower does not mean to commit American forces to defend these islands, and that, given another few months, it may be possible to get the Nationalists to withdraw without a collapse of their morale. But the question of timing is important, and for the moment there are two undoubted and formidable dangers: one is that a Chinese attack would drag the Americans in deeper than the Administration in Washington really means to go; the other is that the Chinese will deliberately mount that attack to embarrass the western allies before our own British election on May 26. No one in this country is prepared to go to war for Quemoy and Matsu. But a flare-up there, in which the Americans were even partially involved, would make any sort of government statement difficult for Sir Anthony Eden on the eve of an election; and this could hardly fail to drive a new wedge of misunderstanding between London and Washington—which is always a fundamental communist aim.

The Chinese passionately believe that their great national revolution has given them a message to carry to the whole of the rest of Asia: those are the stakes for which Chou En-lai is playing in Bandung. But for all of us who believe the communists' methods and use of force to be wrong, the future of the world depends on the other Asian countries standing up for their own rights. Unfortunately they are not strong enough to do so alone. And unless the west can help them—by Britain and America agreeing, in the first place, on joint policies for discouraging possible aggression against Formosa, and even against Hong Kong—then there is little hope of the Far East developing in either peace or freedom. As President Soekarno has pointed out at Bandung, that conference represents two-thirds of the human race. But, while its leaders are still under the influence of the 'liberation' they have experienced during the past thirty years, they are also discovering that national independence carries no automatic password to prosperity and security.

If this period of uncertainty is not to lead the world either to war or to the victory of a new communist imperialism, both west and east must learn to work with the other. As I see it, the lesson of Asia during the past few years is that neither east nor west can 'go it alone'. The test of Bandung will be whether the conference makes co-operation easier or more difficult.—*Home Service*

Why There Are No Newspaper Strikes in Sweden

By ALF MARTIN

THE general trend in labour relations in Sweden is in many respects in advance of current British practice. For one thing, all unofficial strikes are illegal—and, of course, when the newspaper strike in London began it was unofficial. As an example of what I mean, in Sweden last autumn there was an unofficial strike among the dock workers of Gothenburg. After some time, the strikers returned to work, only to find that they had to appear in the Court of Labour. Since it was shown before the Court that the strikers had broken an agreement with the legal validity of a contract, each one of them was fined. The Court also took the view that some of the union branches had not done enough to stop the strike, and therefore those branches were fined too. And the fines were substantial.

This would probably raise eyebrows and questions in Britain. It could be argued that an agreement about wages and working conditions should not be legally binding. But where should individual freedom of action end and collective responsibility begin? In Sweden the trade union movement has for a long time argued for the principle of collective responsibility. This attitude is one of the reasons why today there simply cannot be a strike in the Swedish newspaper industry. Strikes used to occur, and I still recall the strange doings during a strike on a provincial newspaper, where I was a cub reporter some thirty-five years ago. But all this belongs to the past.

In Sweden, unlike Britain, all the technical workers in the newspaper industry are organised in one trade union. The Newspaper Employers' Association does not belong to the leading organisation of employers. The chief reason for this is the special standing of the Arbitration Court in the newspaper industry. Both parties have agreed that any wage questions or disputes which cannot be settled by the usual machinery must be settled by an arbitration court consisting of three impartial persons. The verdict of this court is binding and final.

Another reason why both employers and workers in the newspaper industry are agreed is that both sides accept the special standing of the press as the organ of free speech. In the last eight-year agreement for the newspaper industry this was expressed in the following words:

One of the most valuable assets of society is a free, democratic, public opinion. By extending the main agreement the parties wish to ensure that freedom of speech will not be hindered by conflicts in that part of the printing industry which the parties represent. Even if this particular agreement is limited to a certain period, the parties are of the opinion that the arrangement itself should become permanent.

I would like to stress emphatically that this pact has not been forced upon the workers. It is something the workers, as well as the employers, have insisted on. The very first union of all in Sweden was formed by the typographers in Stockholm in 1846, and the typographers' national union dates from 1887. So I suppose one can say that they are not inexperienced in trade union matters. Nor have newspaper workers lost their bargaining power as a result of this agreement. Their average monthly earnings are £76—say, £18 a week. They have an annual holiday of three weeks with full pay. The most interesting detail in the latest agreement, however, is an undertaking to pay every worker a non-contributory old-age pension. At present, this pension is roughly 32s. a week, and it does not reduce the right to receive the State's old-age pension.

These are some of the characteristics of the present-day agreements in our newspaper industry. Whether or not some of the principles could be practically applied in Great Britain, with its somewhat different trade union history and traditions, is another question. In Sweden, a very much smaller country, the system I have outlined seems to work satisfactorily.

—From 'At Home and Abroad' (Home Service)

The Listener

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on Austria

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rate, U.S. and Canadian edition: \$5.00, including postage. Special rate for two years: \$8.50; for three years: \$11.50. Subscriptions should be sent to B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, England, or to usual agents. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, New York, N.Y. Trade distributors within U.S.A., The Eastern News Company

The Novel in Decline?

IN a letter which is published in our correspondence pages this week Mr. Michael Joseph the publisher observes that the demand for novels is decreasing, while that for non-fiction is rising. Mr. Joseph's assertion raises a question which has been discussed in this column more than once recently: is fiction losing its popularity because of a change of taste in the modern world, or is it the fault of present-day novelists who tie themselves into knots by excessive experimentation and forget that in the hey-day of the successful novelist the art of entertainment was his first concern? Mr. Angus Wilson, himself one of the best of the younger novelists, has declared that since the war the entertainment element has begun to disappear, and Mr. Graham Hough, one of the ablest of the younger critics, has said that 'if the novel today is less powerful in its appeal than it was 100 years ago, it is probably because the novelists no longer satisfy these demands [for an entertaining story] as fully as they used to do'. Clearly it may be accepted that this is one factor in the situation, just as the provision of ample light entertainment on the cinema screen and the television screen may be another. But it is also possible that the novel has been unable to adjust itself to the new, and perhaps less personal, environment in which we live, that of the Welfare State, full employment, and the hydrogen bomb.

In an illuminating talk, which we also publish today, Mr. T. R. Fyvel discusses this consideration. He argues that before the war novelists by the device of detachment or semi-detachment were able to combine social probing with individual sensibility to create literary magic. The device had its parallel in political reporting, in the books of John Gunther and Douglas Reed, for example. Since the war, because 'social institutions are today more powerful and the individual less so', this device is less used and novelists have become either more impersonal or more nostalgic. The novelists who made their reputations before the war continue now, ten years since it ended, for the most part to dwell lovingly in the past: Mr. Evelyn Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* and Mr. Anthony Powell's *A Question of Upbringing* are obvious instances. Miss Elizabeth Bowen's latest novel is dominated by the ghost of a man killed in the war of 1914-1918. Of the major novelists, who earned their reputation between the two wars, the only one who springs to the mind as being willing to grapple with the problems of the post-war world is Mr. J. B. Priestley.

Mr. John Brophy, himself a novelist, has placed the blame for the depreciatory attitude that is often adopted towards the modern novel partly on inadequate reviewing. It is certainly true that some of our leading literary critics, particularly those who write for the Sunday newspapers and the more expensive weeklies, do not usually review novels and also that they belong to that inter-war generation that has never completely adjusted itself to the changing climate of our times. Possibly Mr. Brophy is right in thinking that rising geniuses are neglected and that the situation of the novel is not as black as it is sometimes painted. But one supposes that both publishers and reviewers know their business. If good British novelists, writing first-class contemporary fiction, are about the place, one would like to learn more of them. But what we know most about is the nostalgic novelist. And here there is surely the difficulty that if book readers wish to wallow in the past they can do so as profitably by buying or borrowing books on history and reminiscences of real events as by reading fictionalised memoirs.

ON APRIL 15 a *communiqué* published in Moscow gave the terms of the agreement reached between the Austrian Chancellor, Herr Raab, and Mr. Molotov, on the basis for an Austrian treaty. News of the agreement was enthusiastically welcomed in the press in Austria, where Herr Raab, on his return, declared: 'What we have waited ten years for has been achieved—we will be free'. A Moscow broadcast, quoted in *Pravda*, commenting on the agreement, said that Austria should, like Switzerland, adopt a neutral position in world affairs, and that the same course would be useful for Germany. In Germany, Dr. Adenauer, pointing out that Russia was seeking a neutralised Germany, warned that it would be disastrous if Germany failed to take her place in western defence under the Paris Agreements. He also said that Russia's change of attitude over Austria led him to believe that the Soviet Union would eventually be ready to negotiate about German reunification. But reunification could be brought about only when a balance of power between east and west had been achieved, and western Germany, in joining the alliance of the west, was contributing to this balance. A spokesman of the Social Democrats in western Germany declared that the Western Powers should immediately confer with the Russians about reuniting Germany, and this could succeed only if the Federal Republic withdrew from the Atlantic alliance. The Chairman of the Free Democrats, on the other hand, warned the people of Germany not to draw a false parallel between their position and that of Austria.

Several west German newspapers—while congratulating the Austrians—were quoted for the view that the result of the Moscow negotiations was another Russian attempt to prevent west Germany's alliance with the free world. The Kremlin had named the price not only for an Austrian treaty but also for German reunification: the price was neutrality. American, French, Swiss, Swedish, and other western newspapers were quoted for the belief that Russia would now make further attempts to persuade western Germany to remain neutral. From Italy the independent newspaper, *Il Messaggero*, was quoted as saying that the Soviet Union was agreeing to an Austrian treaty as a first move in an attempt to encourage neutralism in Europe, and thus try to form a neutral belt of territory between the two blocs. Satellite broadcasts followed Moscow in claiming that it was the Western Powers who had so far prevented an Austrian treaty. According to a Bulgarian broadcast:

The Western Powers . . . do not want to give up their plans to convert Austria into an Alpine fortress, since the communication lines of the Nato troops between Germany and Italy run through Austria.

East German broadcasts maintained that the Western Powers 'abhor the idea of releasing Austria'. The east German radio, in reporting the arrest of 521 'agents of the U.S. and British Secret Services . . . and of various west German auxiliaries of these services', spoke of the difficulties that would be caused for the inhabitants of west Berlin if west Berlin continued to be used 'as a centre for groups engaged in underground activities against the German Democratic Republic'.

The criminal activities of the espionage and sabotage organisations in west Berlin are inflicting serious damage on the population and are threatening the security of the G.D.R.—a fact which must lead to a rejoinder. The government of the G.D.R. demands the immediate dissolution of all espionage and sabotage organisations in west Berlin, which lies in the centre of the G.D.R.

According to Moscow broadcasts, the Bandung conference was arousing growing anxiety in U.S. circles, who were seeking to prevent the conference from adopting a decision on the need to admit China to the United Nations or demanding that the U.S.A. should get out of Formosa. A Chinese broadcast said the Delhi conference had made it clear that 'the source of present tension in Asia is the atomic war policy pursued by the colonialists, headed by U.S. imperialism', had 'correctly demanded that all U.S. armed forces be withdrawn from Formosa' and that a ten-nation conference be convened to discuss the Formosa issue. A Chinese broadcast to the armed forces stated:

To liberate Formosa and the off-shore islands, we must build up powerful ground, air, and naval forces, and be familiar with the tactics and strategy of combined operations.

Chinese broadcasts also gave publicity to the resolution at the Delhi conference that 'Goa, West Irian, and Okinawa, now under foreign occupation, should be returned to India, Indonesia, and Japan respectively, and complete freedom be restored to the people of Malaya'.

Did You Hear That?

FAIR DAFFODILS

'DAFFODILS', said EDWARD MILLS in 'The Northcountryman', 'are a pleasure we share with many generations of our ancestors. To Gerard, writing his *Herbal* 350 years ago, the "common yellow daffodowndilly" was "so well known that it needeth no description". And fifty years before him, William Turner, in the first really English *Herbal*, wrote of the "affodille or daffodille", and explained that it was not an asphodel but a kind of narcissus. The botanists, who are not a sentimental race, would not admit that the wild daffodil—the Lent Lily—was a real narcissus. As early as 1557 they called it the English bastard narcissus—in Latin, *pseudo-narcissus*.

'But most of us prefer to follow the poets and, when we speak of daffodils, think of the Elysian Fields where the old heroes took their pleasure on banks of asphodel, or of the boy, Narcissus, who pined away in hopeless love for his own reflection in a pool, and was changed into the flower that bears his name. And perhaps in this we are nearer the truth than the botanists, or even than old Philemon Holland explaining, in his translation of the Roman author Pliny, that the word narcissus "betokeneth nummedness or dulness of sense, and not the young boy Narcissus, as the poets do feign and fable".'

'Whatever the scientific fact may be, the narcissus has been a favourite garden flower for many centuries. And we still buy, under the name of Van Sion, the yellow double daffodil brought to this country in about 1600 by the Fleming Vincent Sion.

'A method of growing new varieties from seed was explained by a gardening writer as long ago as 1665, but although the botanists spent much time on the classification of the various species—some of them making the whole thing very complicated indeed—it was a Dean of Manchester, William Herbert, who can fairly be said to have started the modern development of the narcissus. Herbert, who was Dean from 1840 until his death in 1847, was a many-sided person. He was an Icelandic scholar, he wrote an epic on the rise of Christianity, and he was a first-rate botanist. But he was keen, too, on the practical work of raising new hybrids from seed. He looked forward—rather optimistically—to the time when every working man would have pots of daffodil seedlings in his window.

'Although Herbert's own efforts produced nothing of lasting value, his example was quickly followed—and, again, in Manchester—where Edward Leeds, a stockbroker, raised many new hybrids. Today there are some thousands of names registered under one or other of the accepted show classifications—and still the quest for the perfect daffodil goes on'.

MAKING IT RAIN

'When I read the other day that experiments are soon to be made here on rain-making', said ALAN YATES, in a Home Service Talk, 'I was reminded of the day when a friend said to me "We want you to go and sit in a cloud this afternoon while we try to make it rain". I agreed, and, later that day, rain was pouring from the cloud while I sat in the middle of it, a mile above the earth.

'We had assembled at Cranfield, in Bedfordshire, a team of research workers who were going to spend a week in mid-August, 1952, studying clouds. The meteorologists came from Imperial College in London, from the California Institute of Technology, and from the College of Aeronautics (whose guests we were at Cranfield). Aeroplanes were lent by the Cambridge University Air Squadron and by the Royal Aircraft Establishment at Farnborough.

'The idea was to find out as much as we could about those lovely, puffy white clouds which boil up on a summer morning and which the met. men call cumulus. We knew that hot air rising from the ground produced them but we did not know exactly how hot the hot air was, nor how fast it rose. Above all, we wanted to understand why rain fell from some of the cumulus clouds but not from others. The ideal vehicle for the job is the glider because it flies slowly but can be manoeuvred rapidly. It is

cheap to operate and can fly safely into storm clouds when necessary. We had three sailplanes with us during our week's tests.

'The gliders were towed by light aeroplanes and released near one of the cumulus clouds. The pilot could soon find the rising warm air and climb up with it to the base of the cloud. Flying at only forty miles an hour in circles about a hundred yards across he could read his instruments and find out all he wanted to know about his patch of air. He could then go inside the cloud and carry on with his measurements or glide off to another cloud a mile or two away. Two of the gliders had radio, and could be directed from the ground and could report matters of interest while

flying. One of these was a two-seater and had been equipped with very complete recording instruments. The sailplane I was to fly had no radio, so that my instructions had to be complete before take-off.

'In America there are professional rain-makers. By lighting chemical fires on the ground they claim to *force* clouds to disgorge rain on to the fields of the farmer who has employed them. The trouble is, of course, that no one knows how much rain would have fallen anyway. One farmer sued the rain-maker for diverting rain which would have fallen on *his* land on to that of the farmer who paid the rain-maker. The defence case was startling—they challenged the prosecution to prove that any of their sacrificial fire-lighting had done anything at all to influence the rain gods. The defendants won their case.

'Back to Cranfield. Our rain-makers had a new method to try. Many clouds, they said, had enough moisture in them but lacked small particles on which tiny water droplets could coalesce. If they could place hundreds of small particles (preferably of something which would attract water) into such a cloud, then large drops would form and fall out as rain. Ordinary salt seemed to be the very stuff—and cheap, too. To make a lot of particles a pound or two was ground up as fine as face powder and one of the borrowed aeroplanes was used to take it aloft. It was not necessary to take the salt into the cloud since warm air rises up from below into these clouds. So the bag of salt was emptied out of the aeroplane just under a moist-looking cloud and then everybody retired immediately to a safe distance to watch events. Twenty minutes was calculated by the met. men to be the period of gestation. Then, they announced, it would rain.



A shepherd tending his flock among wild daffodils on the Lakeland fells

'I circled down between the clouds, doggedly noting temperature, height, time, and the rest. Eventually, far below, I saw a sodden-looking countryside but no trace of sunshine. From a mile up, we could cover about twenty miles and I hoped that we were not too far from Cranfield, or a landing away from home would be in prospect. We had been flying for over an hour and the wind would have carried us about six miles to the west while we circled. Then we had flown due south at about fifty miles an hour for a few minutes, and so I knew roughly whereabouts we should be and, knowing the Bedfordshire scene pretty well, I soon pin-pointed myself on the map. I could not see far because of the massive grey rain clouds which now came down to within a few hundred feet of the ground, but eventually we arrived over the airfield. Well, they had certainly made it rain!

'The immediate need was for refreshment in the Senior Common Room and to hear the story of the rain-making. I was told that the rain had been the heaviest for several years—and all out of a sky which looked summery. Was it really the salt that had done it? My unsalted cloud had proved wet, too, of course, but there was no disguising the fact that the seedsman had said he would make it rain, and he did.

'Toasts were drunk to meteorology (not too much water, please) and it was not until the B.B.C. news bulletin was read later on that a stony silence fell on the company. The news was not of unexpected heavy rain in Bedfordshire but of inches of rain in far-away Wembley and Staines. We could scarcely claim that our dose of salt had penetrated fifty miles, so we reluctantly decided that, even if salt did have an effect, the rain could not be promised for any particular farmer's field'.

SAD REMINDERS OF SPLENDID YEARS

'I always think of a sailing ship as one of the most beautiful things made by man', said A. H. RASMUSSEN in a Home Service talk. 'You have only to look at one of Spurling's pictures of the famous tea clippers: *Ariel*, *Taiping*, *Thermopylae*, or the *Flying Cloud* to realise this. The life aboard them was hard but, even so, I always look back on my six years in sail as my happiest and most satisfying. And I did not start in a splendid fullrigger but in a small brigantine, the *Caroline* of Whitby, running with coal on the east coast from Tyne ports. I was fourteen then and cook and ordinary seaman on board.

'I made a bad start, too, on the first voyage from South Shields for I was very, very seasick, and did not turn out of my hammock at eight bells when it was my watch on deck. Not many minutes after the bell had sounded, the Mate came down and shouted: "Didn't you hear eight bells?" I answered back: "Yes, sir, but I'm too ill to get up". He glared at me, speechless with surprise and anger. Then he bellowed: "This ain't no something-something hospital; it's a ship". Then a huge fist grabbed my scraggy neck and I was hauled out—and shaken thoroughly whilst he shouted, "Eight—bells—means—you're—on—deck—dead—or—alive".

'I can look back on this with a laugh now, and when I think of the hardships I realise that it was because of them and not in spite of them that the life was so wonderful. The hardships were soon forgotten and the splendid hours remained in my memory. Who would think back on the fight for life at the pumps for days and nights on end, sleeping in short snatches on a soaking wet mattress, the so-called donkey's breakfast, when this was followed by weeks of sunshine and calm seas in the Baltic, and nights that were sheer magic.

'There was a saying that a chanty was worth ten men and a rope. This is not far from true, for during my time in sail we were always short-handed. The only means of meeting competition with steam was

to reduce the crews, and that is where the chanties came in. The curious thing about them was this: that no matter whether you sailed in Norwegian, Finnish, Dutch, or Danish ships, the chanties were always English. The days of the big square-rigger are over, and they have vanished from the seas, but the chanties have survived as the last, sad reminders of those splendid years when sail was queen'.

A VALUABLE BEQUEST OF BOOKS

A valuable bequest of books and manuscripts has been left to the Library of Lambeth Palace, the official residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The bequest was made by the late Dr. F. C. Eeles,

a former Secretary of the Central Council for the Preservation of Churches. The two thousand or so volumes and documents include a number that are rare and old. They are now on view in the great hall of the Palace, and were described by LEONARD PARKIN, a B.B.C. reporter in 'The Eye-witness'.

'The lofty, arched roof of the Great Hall of Lambeth Palace belies its seventeenth-century origins, for although it was re-built in 1663 it was restored in the pattern of the original medieval hammer-beam roof. The walls of the hall are lined with leather-bound volumes—and it is in a quiet atmosphere of scholarship and tradition that you can see this exhibition of old manuscripts and books.

'Although the chief value of old publications is naturally in their content, they have a

visual reward, too—for anyone can see in them fine examples of penmanship or early printing. There is a manuscript psalter, for instance, from the late fifteenth century. According to Theophilus (a monk who chronicled the arts of the Middle Ages) the ink of the day was made from the boiled bark of thorn twigs, with a dash of wine and vitriol. The recipe sounds involved, but the ink was made to last; and here, in this psalter, the ink of its flowing Renaissance italic script is still bold and black. There are many other examples of the Renaissance script. You can see delicately drawn, illuminated capitals, and, what is more, imagine some of the pride with which they were completed. For contrast there is the intricate, rather crabbed, gothic script, and a good example of it in a Cistercian breviary, probably penned in France. Among the other manuscripts are a licence by the Archbishop of Canterbury bearing the seal of James I and a Bull of Pope Paul V of September, 1609.

'There is a touch of lightness in the exhibition in a scrapbook of eighteenth-century ballads. Most of them refer to events current at the time—like executions—and they were probably sold to the crowds at what was then a public spectacle. I made a note of part of this one, which is the "Sorrowful lamentation and last farewell to the world" of a minister about to be executed in 1779 for the murder of the unresponsive object of his affections as she left a play:

Good Christian folks a warning take,
By me see my downfall;
Next Monday is the fatal day,
My life must pay for all.
James Mackman is indeed my name,
A Minister was I;
For murder now am tried and cast,
And for the same must die.

'After telling his story in the fanciful stanzas of his musical biographer, the condemned man says:

From Newgate I must go,
Unto the fatal tree,
And then to Surgeon's Hall conveyed,
Anatomized to be'.



Painting by J. Spurling of *Flying Cloud*, one of the old tea clippers

The Police—II

The Tasks of the Metropolitan Police

By SIR HAROLD SCOTT

LAST year the Metropolitan Police celebrated their one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary when they had the honour to lead a parade of police from the whole of the United Kingdom before Her Majesty the Queen in Hyde Park. But the office of constable goes back much further than 1829. The Anglo-Saxons had their headman or tithingman, and under the Normans the name of constable came to be attached to this office. From their day until the creation of the modern force the constable was elected by the inhabitants of the town or village to act for them and keep the Queen's peace. He was in fact a local officer, subject to local control.

The task was not a popular one, and it had for centuries been the custom to pay a deputy to do the work. These, and the night watchmen who were later introduced to supplement them, were invariably old, inefficient, and decrepit, with the result that life in the London of the eighteenth century was a precarious affair. Crime rose to alarming heights, while at frequent intervals the cities of Westminster and London found themselves at the mercy of mobs of hooligans. It was obvious that something must be done about it but, though the younger Pitt introduced a Police Bill in 1785, it was not until nearly fifty years later that anything effective was achieved.

There were many reasons for this long delay in tackling an urgent problem. The City of London saw in the proposed new police an attack on the dignity of the aldermen whose right and duty it was to call on the military for help in case of need. The Trading Justices, who called because they made a living out of their office, did not wish to lose control of the constables, and many others had a vested interest in crime and vice which would be threatened by an efficient police. Perhaps the chief reason for opposition was the fear of a state-controlled police. Many people saw in the proposed force a threat to their liberties, and their apprehensions were reinforced by the stories that reached this country of the work of the secret police in France and other continental countries. We have seen in our own day the work of the Gestapo in Germany and the OGPU in Russia, so can understand the fears that for so long prevented the establishment of a proper system of police here.

That it was at length established we owe to Sir Robert Peel who, against great opposition, secured the passage of the Metropolitan Police Bill in 1829. Even more we owe it to the men whom he chose as the two first Commissioners of Police of the Metropolis: Sir Richard Mayne and Colonel Charles Rowan. Mayne was a young barrister, Rowan a distinguished soldier who had fought under Wellington in the Peninsula and at Waterloo. When the first 1,000 metropolitan policemen marched out into Whitehall in September 1829 in their top hats and blue

frock-coats the storm broke. 'Peel's raw lobster gang', 'Peel's blue devils' were among the least of the many rude epithets cast upon them. Indeed, the popular dislike went far beyond verbal abuse, for on one occasion when the police were called on to deal with a riot, one of them was stabbed to death. His assailant was acquitted by a Westminster jury, who found a verdict of justifiable homicide. The murderer was escorted in triumph to the City while the members of the jury were presented with silver cups to celebrate their public spirit. It was in such an atmosphere that Mayne and Rowan had to work, and it was their wisdom and leadership that enabled the new force to overcome its early difficulties and to convince people that it was possible to maintain law and order and combat crime without any danger to individual liberty.

Mayne and Rowan laid down three principles for the guidance of the new police force:

Constables were, like other citizens, subject to the law; they must keep strictly within their legal powers and must expect to be dealt with like any other offender if they went outside them.

In all their dealings with the public they must act with complete impartiality, whatever the politics, race, religion, or social standing of the people they dealt with.

In all they did they must remember that they were the servants and not the masters of the public.

They set their faces firmly against any form of nepotism or robbery and weeded out ruthlessly any members of the force who failed to come up to their own high standards. Finally, Mayne and Rowan said that the primary object of the force was the maintenance of order and the prevention of crime, and that its efficiency would be judged not by the number of arrests but by the absence of crime and disorder.

So successful were they that in ten years the fears of the people of London were overcome, and it was generally recognised that the new police, far from being a menace to our liberties, were the best guarantee yet discovered for their preservation. Peel's caustic retort to his critics, 'Liberty does not consist in having your home robbed by organised gangs of thieves', had come true.

So it was that in 1839 the boundaries of the



'The Last Day, or the Fall of the Charleys': a cartoon of 1829 on the passing of Sir Robert Peel's Metropolitan Police Act
W. T. Spencer



Group discussion at the National Police College, Ryton-on-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, 'perhaps the most striking advance in police administration since the war'

Metropolitan Police District were extended practically to their present limits, that is an area of just over 700 square miles, bounded roughly by a circle of fifteen miles radius measured from the centre at Charing Cross. Or to put it another way, the district stretches from Staines in the west to Dagenham and Erith in the east, and from Elstree and Waltham Cross in the north to Orpington and Esher in the south. In the centre there remains the square mile of the City of London with a separate force under its own Commissioner. Also in 1839 metropolitan officers were sent out to the provinces to assist local authorities to organise police forces up and down the country on the metropolitan model. Note, however, that it was the local authorities and not the Home Office who were to organise these new forces. The Royal Commission of 1836, appointed to consider the best means of establishing a rural constabulary throughout England and Wales, recommended that this force should be centrally organised by the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, but their proposal raised such a storm in parliament that it was hastily abandoned. The old conception of the police as a local force, locally controlled, was maintained and still persists.

The Metropolitan Police Force is unique in not being subject to local control, and it is worth examining the question why this should be so. It is true that in most countries the police of the capital are controlled directly by the government, who thus have at their command a means of dealing with revolutionary outbreaks, which have invariably begun in the capital city. Some such idea was no doubt in the mind of Peel and his supporters, since the Napoleonic Wars had been followed by a period of unrest fanned by such political extremists as Arthur Thistlewood, the leader of the Cato Street conspiracy.

Home Secretary as Metropolitan Police Authority

Apart, however, from any reason of this kind, it is hard to see how Peel could have done anything but organise his new police force as one unit for London. There were then no metropolitan borough councils and no county councils. London was governed by a fantastic variety of authorities: the City Corporation; seven Commissioners for Sewers; 100 paving, lighting, and cleansing boards; 172 vestries; commissioners of highways, bridges, and turnpikes; juries of various kinds; the Middlesex Justices, and a number of stipendiary magistrates. Clearly there was no way in which so many interests could be combined in one controlling body for the police. Peel decided, therefore, that the police authority for the metropolis should be the Home Secretary himself, and so it remains to this day. The old vestries and other bodies have been swept away, but in the Metropolitan Police District there are still six county councils and ninety-seven borough and district councils, so that the problem of creating one centralised local authority still remains.

The fact that, unlike all other forces in the country, the Metropolitan Police are not under the control of a local authority has long been a grievance. It is urged that, since half the cost falls on the local authorities, just as it does in the provinces, they ought to have some say in the way this money is expended. It is a large sum, for the Metropolitan Police cost something like £18,000,000 a year, and the old cry of 'no taxation without representation' is not dead. Apart from the practical difficulty of associating so many local authorities with the preparation of the police estimates, there is the constitutional difficulty that the Home Secretary has to submit them to parliament, and not a penny can be spent until parliament has voted the necessary money. To present the estimates to the local authorities before they are presented to parliament would be improper and would undoubtedly arouse a first-class storm in the House of Commons. In the metropolis, therefore, democratic control of the police rests, not with the local authorities, but with parliament itself. There the expenditure can be debated and indeed much more. For the Home Secretary is responsible direct to parliament for the detailed administration and conduct of the Metropolitan Police, whereas as regards the provincial police his responsibility is of a more general kind and concerns only terms of employment and inspection. The Home Secretary does not interfere with the day-to-day control by the Commissioner, but he can be called to account in the House of Commons for the conduct of every individual constable. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a wrongful act by a constable might well bring down the Home Secretary and even the government.

It must be remembered, too, that the Metropolitan Police perform various duties of a national and imperial character on behalf of the whole country. They are responsible for the protection of the Sovereign and the royal palaces, of Ministers and the palace of Westminster, and

for keeping the government informed of all activities of a subversive kind which might lead to disorder. For these special duties parliament votes every year a sum of £100,000, and to this the local authorities do not contribute.

There is still a general impression that the Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police Force exercises some sort of control over other forces. The impression is strengthened by the fairly frequent reference in the press to 'the man from the Yard' having gone down to the provinces to take charge of some criminal investigation that has attracted public notice. In fact, the Commissioner has no such control. Every force is under the undisputed direction of its own Chief Constable. The Metropolitan Police Force, as the largest in the country, is rather in the position of an elder brother in a family of 140-odd constabularies. Naturally, the officers who work in London gain a wider and more varied experience than their country colleagues, and when the Chief Constable of a county or borough feels that a case is beyond his resources he can ask for the help of the Metropolitan Police, and it is always freely given.

Criminal Record Office

Every day Scotland Yard issues to every police force in the United Kingdom the *Police Gazette*, containing particulars of criminals wanted by the police or awaiting trial. It is also responsible for the Central Criminal Record Office and Fingerprint Registry. In 1953, 155,800 convictions were recorded and 419,059 searches made, while 139,200 fingerprints were received and classified and 44,827 identifications were made. These records are important, for they enable the police and the Criminal Courts to know all about the past history of the offenders with whom they are concerned. Under the Criminal Justice Act, 1948, a certificate by the Commissioner of Police is now admitted as evidence of previous convictions, so saving the need for police officers to appear in court to prove them verbally.

The Metropolitan Police training schools are not restricted to London officers. In 1953, 299 provincial and colonial students attended the Detective Training School, a further 54 received instruction in fingerprints, while many others attended the Motor Driving School and the Dog Training Establishment. The Forensic Science Laboratory at Scotland Yard serves not only the Metropolitan Police but the police of the home counties, and in 1953, 660 of the 1,166 examinations made were on behalf of other forces.

When the war came to an end the business world was quick to take advantage of the disappearance of war-time controls and restrictions. In this, dishonest people saw a wonderful chance, and frauds of every kind, including the promotion of fraudulent companies, became a serious problem. These fraudulent activities took no account of police boundaries, and to counter them immediately after the war the City Commissioner and I set up a joint department known as the Company Fraud Department—or, more commonly, the Fraud Squad. In 1953 the department dealt with 600 cases, of which 340 after enquiry were submitted to provincial and colonial forces for action. Perhaps equally important is the fact that many a pretty scheme has been still-born because the squad took too close an interest in its beginnings.

Liaison with the International Bureau

Finally, Scotland Yard acts on behalf of the whole country as the central office for liaison with the International Criminal Police Commission and is in daily wireless contact with the International Bureau in Paris which circulates to forces in western Europe and overseas particulars of international criminals. The number of messages handled is steadily growing and is now more than 2,000 a year.

Perhaps the most striking advance in police administration since the war has been the creation of the National Police College to which men and women who are marked out for early promotion go for higher training. Here they meet officers from all over the country and from the Dominions and Colonies overseas. In the college, officers from the Metropolitan Police play their part both as instructors and students. One result in which all can rejoice is that the old antagonisms between the metropolitan and provincial forces are fast dying away, and both are learning that, though their uniforms may differ, they are all members of one great public service.—*Third Programme*

We regret that, owing to a typing error, a line was omitted in the talk on the police. Dr. R. M. Jackson, printed in THE LISTENER last week. The mutilated passage (page 696, column 1, line 8) should have run: 'Fisher v. Oldham Corporation says you cannot make a local police authority pay: it does not say they may not pay'.

The Bolshevik Revolution in Perspective—I

E. H. CARR on the legacy of the past

THE tension between the opposed principles of continuity and change is the groundwork of history. Nothing in history that seems continuous is exempt from the subtle erosion of inner change; no change, however violent and abrupt in appearance, wholly breaks the continuity between past and present. Great revolutions—the conversion of the Roman Empire to Christianity, the English revolution of the seventeenth century, the French revolution, the Bolshevik revolution—represent this tension in its most acute form, reflecting and setting in motion new social forces which alter the destinies and the outlook of mankind. At the outset the impulse to destroy seems to sweep everything before it. Tocqueville, in his classic study of the French revolution, drew attention to the two essential characteristics of revolutionary change—the sudden shock of its impact and its quasi-universal significance:

In the French revolution . . . the mind of man entirely lost its anchorage; it no longer knew what to hold on to or where to stop; revolutionaries of an unknown kind appeared who carried boldness to the point of insanity, whom no novelty could surprise, no scruple restrain, and who never flinched before the execution of any purpose. Nor must it be thought that these new beings were the isolated and ephemeral creations of a moment, destined to pass away with it; they have since formed a race which has reproduced and spread itself in all the civilised parts of the world, and which has everywhere retained the same physiognomy, the same passions, the same character.

The Bolshevik revolution in no way fell behind its prototype in these respects. Never had the heritage of the past been more sharply, more sweepingly, or more provocatively rejected; never had the claim to universality been more uncompromisingly asserted; never in any previous revolution had the break in continuity seemed so absolute. This was the picture in 1917 and for several years afterwards. The continuity of Russian history seemed to have been rudely and utterly broken.

Change and its Antidote

Revolutions do not, however, resolve the tension between change and continuity, but rather heighten it. In the heat of the moment, the desire for change appears to triumph unreservedly over the inclination to conserve. But presently tradition begins to unfold its power as the antidote to change: indeed, tradition is something which remains dormant in uneventful times, and of which we become conscious mainly as a force of resistance to change, through contact with some other 'tradition' which challenges our own. Thus, in the development of the revolution, the elements of change and continuity fight side by side, now conflicting and now coalescing, until a new and stable synthesis is established. The process may be a matter of a few years or a few generations. But, broadly speaking, the greater the distance in time from the initial impact of the revolution, the more decisively does the principle of continuity reassert itself against the principle of change. This appears to happen in three ways.

In the first place, revolutions, however universal their pretensions and their significance, are made in a specific material environment and by men reared in a specific national tradition. The programme of the revolution must be empirically adapted to the facts of the environment and is limited by those facts; the ideas of the revolution are unconsciously seen and interpreted through the prism of preconceptions moulded both by that environment and by a historical past. The main theme of Tocqueville's study was to show how processes already at work, and measures already taken, under the French monarchy had paved the way for the French revolution, which thus not only interrupted, but continued, the orderly course of French historical development. The Bolshevik revolution of October 1917 was also a Russian revolution, and was made by Marxists who were also Russians. If it were a revolution inspired by the Marxist doctrine of the proletarian revolution, it was realised in a country with a predominantly peasant population and still largely pre-capitalist economy; and this is merely to stress its specifically Russian character and indicate the simplest and crudest

of the contradictions that had to be resolved in the final amalgam of 'socialism in one country'.

Secondly, the character of the revolution is altered, and altered to the advantage of the principle of continuity, by the very victory which transforms it from a movement of insurrection into an established government. In certain technical aspects all governments are alike, and stand at the opposite pole of thought and action to revolution: once the revolution has attained its goal and enthroned itself in the seats of authority, once it sets up its own government, a halt has to be called to further revolutionary change, and the principle of continuity automatically reappears.

Breeding Hatred of Government

It is, however, a common experience of revolutions that hatred of a particular government tends, in the heat of destructive enthusiasm, to breed hatred of government in general. There is always an anarchist element in revolutions, so that when the victorious revolutionaries face the necessary task of constructing their own government and of making it strong, they incur not only the enmity of the man in the street and of the peasant on his farm, to whom all governments look alike, but the criticism of the more hot-headed or more consistent of their supporters, who accuse them of betraying their own ideals and principles, and attribute the change of attitude to a process of degeneration or decay. Victorious Christianity assumed the trappings of imperial Rome and scandalised some of the more austere of the faithful. In the French revolution, the absolutism of the kings was succeeded by the absolutism of the Jacobins and, later, of an emperor. The words 'thermidor' and 'brumaire' became accepted symbols in revolutionary terminology for the betrayal of a revolution. The victorious leaders of the Russian revolution quickly incurred, from the Russian 'left communists' of March 1918, from Rosa Luxembourg in her German prison, and then from every opposition leader down to and including Trotsky, the charge of establishing a dictatorship in the likeness of the defunct autocracy of the Tsars. The mere act of transforming revolutionary theory and practice into the theory and practice of government involves a compromise which inevitably breaks old links with the revolutionary past and creates new links with a national tradition of governmental authority. The army, the police, the bureaucracy—here are the organs through which continuity first establishes itself. The paradoxical phrase 'revolutionary legality', which came into use in the early nineteen-twenties, aptly expressed this dilemma.

'Forced to Have a Foreign Policy'

Thirdly, the victory of a revolutionary movement, by transforming it into the government of a state, places on it the practical obligation to conduct relations of some kind, whether friendly or hostile, with other states. In other words, it is forced to have a foreign policy; and, since every foreign policy is governed in part by immutable geographical factors and in part by economic conditions which cannot be changed overnight, it is in this field that continuity with the policy of previous governments is most rapidly and conspicuously asserted. *Raison d'état* is tough enough to emerge unscathed from the revolutionary turmoil. One of the first tasks of the victorious revolution is to effect a working compromise between its professedly universal ideals and the empirically determined national interest of the territory over which it has established its authority. The way in which the French revolution achieved this end has been brilliantly described by the French historian Albert Sorel in a famous passage:

The French republicans believe themselves cosmopolitan, but are cosmopolitan only in their speeches; they feel, think, act and interpret their universal ideas and abstract principles in conformity with the traditions of a conquering monarchy which for 800 years has been fashioning France in its image. They identify humanity with their fatherland, their national cause with the cause of all nations. Consequently and quite naturally, they confuse the propagation of the new

doctrines with the extension of French power, the emancipation of mankind with the grandeur of the republic, the reign of reason with that of France, the liberation of the peoples with the conquest of states, the European revolution with the domination of the French revolution in Europe.

It is perhaps worth remarking that of the two outstanding writers who have most emphatically stressed the element of continuity that underlay the French revolution, Tocqueville and Sorel, one was a future Minister for Foreign Affairs and the other a diplomatic historian. It is in relations with foreign countries that continuity establishes itself first and most conspicuously.

The parallel of the Russian revolution is extraordinarily close. While the Bolshevik leaders, absorbed in the vision of a progressively expanding revolution, expected to have no need of a foreign policy, the Brest-Litovsk crisis led to the rapid evolution of a working compromise between the revolutionary programme and the interests of the Soviet state. In defiance of its intentions, the Soviet Government became the wielder and defender of Russian state power, the organiser of what was in all but name a national army, the spokesman of a national foreign policy. Both in the French and in the Russian revolutions, the stimulus of foreign intervention sufficed to revive popular nationalism. In Soviet Russia the uncovenanted beginnings of a 'national' foreign policy and the equally unforeseen strength of the appeal to a tradition of 'Russian' patriotism laid the psychological foundations of 'socialism' in one country; and the Russian revolutionaries, like the French, began to confuse the emancipation of mankind with the grandeur of the republic, and the European revolution with the domination of the Russian revolution in Europe.

First Step to World Revolution

But, though the analogy of the Russian revolution with the English and French revolutions holds thus far, the tension between the elements of change and continuity in the aftermath of the Russian revolution presented peculiar features. In the French revolution, as in the English revolution of the seventeenth century, the forces in play on either side had worn the same national colour. Though the English revolution no doubt owed something to the continent of Europe, it was pre-eminently an English affair. Though the French revolution quickly assumed an international role, the initial impetus, the dominant ideas of the revolution, had come from within the nation itself—from the Enlightenment, the encyclopaedists, Rousseau. The genesis of the Bolshevik revolution was infinitely more complex. In one aspect, no doubt, it could be said to stem from a native revolutionary tradition, which went back to Pugachev and the great peasant revolt in the days of Catherine the Great and had been an obsessing theme in Russian politics, thought, and literature throughout the nineteenth century. But the irruption of Marxism into Russia, like the irruption of Christianity into the Roman Empire, meant the acceptance of a creed, claiming indeed universal validity, but carrying the stigmata of an alien origin. The direct inspiration of the Bolshevik revolution and the basis of its ideology came from western Europe; its principal leaders had spent long years there; their training and outlook were predominantly western. The revolution which they made in Russia was conceived by them not primarily as a Russian revolution but as the first step in a European or world-wide revolution; as an exclusively Russian phenomenon, it had for them no validity and no chance of survival.

Hence the re-emergence of the features of the old order, after the revolutionary flood had receded, took the form not merely of the restoration of an earlier ideological and institutional framework but of a national restoration. What happened in the aftermath of the revolution, and especially after Lenin's death, had a dual character. Seen in the perspective of the revolution, it represented the familiar reaction of the principle of continuity against the onset of revolutionary change. Seen in the perspective of Russian history, it represented an attempt of the Russian national tradition to reassert itself against the encroachments of the west.

Something like this had happened before in Russia. Peter the Great had made the most far-reaching and most successful attempt before 1917 to shape the Russian state and the Russian economy on western models; but his death in 1725 was followed by a period of nearly forty years in which his weak successors went as far as they dared to transform his work on traditional Russian lines. The reigns of Catherine the Great in the eighteenth century and Alexander I and Alexander II in the nineteenth, opened with large programmes of reform inspired by the west and ended in reaction dictated by the reassertion of a

national tradition. Under Nicholas II, the last of the Tsars, the reform of Witte, which represented an attempt to industrialise Russia on western lines and under the aegis of western finance, encountered the bitter opposition of the court and of the landowning nobility, and led to Witte's downfall in 1903.

Crises on a Familiar Pattern

Throughout modern Russian history the tension between reform and reaction had been complicated by the tension between intruding foreign influences and a resistant national tradition. Change meant the acceptance of foreign models and foreign mentors, continuity the reassertion of the validity of native institutions. Every major crisis in Russian history followed this familiar pattern. In the nineteenth century the opposing schools of westerners and Slavophiles hotly debated the character and validity of the differences which separated Russia from the west. They argued about the past and about Russian history, about the value of Russia's indigenous culture, about the verdict to be passed on the work of Peter the Great. But the real dispute between them was about the future. Did the differences between Russia and the west indicate a 'backwardness' which Russia must eventually repay by travelling the same road of progress already pioneered by the western nations? This, broadly speaking, has been the thesis of the reformers or revolutionaries from Peter the Great to Lenin inclusive. Or were the differences between Russia and the west the expression of differences and even antipathetic, national traditions and beliefs? This view was implicit in the attitudes of those who, in the successive crises of Russian history and again after Lenin's death in 1924, were primarily concerned to assert the vitality and independence of the Russian achievement against the jealous hostility of the western world.

Certainly none of the great reforms and revolutions in Russian history, nor the reforms of Peter the Great, nor the emancipation of the serfs, and least of all the revolution of 1917 has left Russia unchanged; and the initial inspiration behind every one of them has come from the west. But each of them in turn has passed through the crucible of the Russian national tradition and been re-moulded by it. Never in Russian history has the interplay between change and continuity been more constant or more subtle than in the aftermath of the Bolshevik revolution.

Since my theme here is the influence of national tradition in moulding the destinies of the revolution, I should perhaps say at this point that no national tradition, Russian or any other, should in my view be treated as anything innate, mystical, or immutable, but simply as the product of concrete conditions which the historian can analyse, and which may themselves undergo change. If we are to consider Russian history from the standpoint of Russia's backwardness and failure to keep pace with the characteristic developments of western Europe, the main reason should be sought not in any initial split between eastern and western Christendom, or in the subjection of Russia to the Mongol invasions—still less in the swaddling propensities of the Russian peasant mother or in the mysterious operations of the Slav soul—but in the conditions which caused Russia's material progress to lag behind that of western Europe, and so maintained and widened the divergence between them.

Difficult Physical Conditions

The vast expanse of territory, unbroken by any well-defined geographical features or ethnographical divisions, which went to make the Russian state, and the inclement climatic conditions prevailing over the greater part of it, were the real foundation of Russia's backwardness in comparison with the material development of western Europe. Dr Baykov has recently suggested that it was impossible for industrialisation to begin in Russia before the railway age owing to the distance separating her deposits of iron from her deposits of coking coal. One might perhaps suggest that it was impossible to weld the vast area formerly covered by the Russian empire and now by the U.S.S.R. into an effective political unit before the age of the aeroplane. The great distances over which authority had to be organised made state-building in Russia an unusually slow and cumbrous process; and, in the unpropitious environment of the Russian steppe, forms of production and the social relations arising from them lagged far behind those of the more favoured west. And this time-lag, continuing throughout Russian history, created disparities which coloured and determined Russian relations with the west. The first contacts of the rising Russian state with western Europe, which began on an extensive scale under Ivan the Terrible in the latter part of the sixteenth century, revealed

all the disadvantages of Russia's backwardness in face of the west; and these disadvantages were still more conspicuously shown up in the ensuing 'period of troubles' and of the Polish invasions. To be backward meant to be a victim and a satellite, a minor power in the European constellation. Henceforth the development of state power in Russia proceeded at a forced pace under the watchword of military necessity. The outstanding place occupied by Peter the Great in Russian history is due to his success in building in Russia a power capable of confronting western European countries on comparable, if not equal, terms.

Ambivalent Attitude to the West

This historical pattern of the development of the Russian state had three important consequences. In the first place, it produced that chronically ambivalent attitude to western Europe which has run through all subsequent Russian thought and policy. It was indispensable to imitate and 'catch up with' the west as a means of self-defence against the west: the west was admired and envied as a model as well as feared and hated as the potential enemy. Secondly, the pattern of development rested on the conception of 'revolution from above'. Reform came not through pressure from below, from an underprivileged class or from oppressed masses, expressing itself in demands for social justice or equality, but through pressure of external crisis, resulting in a belated demand within the ruling group for an efficient authority and calling for a strong leader to exercise it. Perhaps it is not altogether fanciful to suggest that the first instance of this process in Russian history was the quasi-mythical appeal to the Varangian princes to come and rule over us. From this process it results that reform, which in the west normally led to a curbing and dispersal of state power, meant in Russia a strengthening and concentration of that power.

Thirdly, the pattern imposed by these conditions was one not of orderly progress but of spasmodic advance by fits and starts—a pattern not of evolution, but of intermittent revolution. From the sixteenth century onward Russia was confronted with the stronger and more advanced nations of western Europe; and there was no opportunity in Russian conditions for the prolonged and relatively pacific processes of state-building which had been undertaken by the nations of western Europe, and were afterwards repeated by them in new settlements across the ocean. Every reform was dictated not by the slow pressures and convincing logic of internal growth, but by the sense of an external emergency. It was indispensable to make haste, to advance by forced marches in order to forestall attack. Peter the Great, in the course of a single lifetime, transformed Russia from a medieval into a modern state. The results were summarised in a well-known paragraph by the nineteenth-century French traveller, de Custine:

Russia alone, belatedly civilised, has been deprived by the impatience of her leaders of the profound fermentation and the benefit of slow natural development. . . . Adolescence, that laborious age when the spirit of man assumes entire responsibility for his independence, has been lost to her. Her princes, especially Peter the Great, counting time for nothing, made her pass violently from childhood to manhood.

All historians have remarked on the fact that Russia entirely skipped the period whose outstanding features in western Europe was the Renaissance and the Reformation; and Masaryk repeats de Custine's idea when he speaks of medieval Russia being 'dragged without transition into the European revolutionary process of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries'.

This spasmodic method of advance from childhood to manhood continued to mark the uneven course of Russian history. Every forward step taken to overcome Russia's backwardness by a process of westernisation was followed by a reaction which did not, indeed, annul the advance but absorbed it into a traditional national setting, and turned its edge against the west. The reformers were at one moment hailed as saviours, and at the next denounced as aliens estranged from the true spirit of the Russian people. This alternation of westernising reform and nationalising reaction imparted a harsh and abrupt character to the whole course of Russian historical development.

The consequence of this phenomenon was to leave in simultaneous existence, within the loose and ample structure of the Russian state, social, economic, political, and cultural forms which in western Europe seemed to belong to different stages of civilisation and were regarded as incompatible with one another. In Russia, elements of servile, feudal, and capitalist society continued to exist side by side; and this anomaly could not fail to create new divisions and set up new tensions. After the revolution of Peter the Great, the complex of traditions and beliefs

known in the west by the vague name of 'humanism' and the Enlightenment at length reached Russia. But it came in the form of a foreign extravagance imported from the west, and scarcely penetrated beneath the surface of Russian society and Russian consciousness. Its effect was to deepen and perpetuate the wide cleavage that separated rulers from ruled: Russia was now more sharply than ever divided between a 'society' which isolated itself from the backwardness of Russian life in the contemplation of western ideas and the enjoyment of the trappings of civilisation, and the 'dark' mass of the Russian people plunged in the immemorial Russian tradition of poverty and ignorance. Russia became the land of extremes—of the extremes of luxury and indigence, of the most advanced thought and the most primitive superstition, of uninhibited freedom and untempered oppression. The gulf between west and east in Europe was doubled by a gulf within Russia itself between a superficially westernised society and an authentic Russian people. The rift between east and west was no longer purely external. It had inserted itself into the composite fabric of the Russian state.

These complexities reached their peak in Russian nineteenth-century history—a fruitful period which revealed all the contradictions and all the potentialities of Russian development in exuberant profusion, and paved the way for the revolution of 1917. It was the Bolshevik revolution, both the child of the west and the heir of Russian history, which faced the dual task of healing the rift in the Russian body politic and bridging the gap which divided Russia from the western world.

—*Third Programme*

Triton

He kneels in still water
Where leaf-brown fish rustle,
His gold breath crackling up
Out of a deep-sea autumn.

Long summer has burnt out
His shadow—that dark chain
That tied him to the sun
And fell around his feet at noon.

From his green harbour he goes.
His sails cloud the horizon
And a wake of birds follows him
Out of the September sky.

Now light begins to drop
Into the dusky furrow
And in the fall of the year
His brilliant days take root.

A god is where he kneels
And in his lifted hand
Is curled the echoing easter
Of the low-lying sea.

PATRICIA BEER

Nobody at Home

This is the silent house, whose only speech
Is the clock's voice, repeating time's two words.
The air prowls outside, snuffs at each
Window pane, ruffles like a bird's
Spread wings, but can find no entrance there.
For all is sealed. The bolt is shot and rusted;
The lock is rusted too, and lacks a key.
But since the clock is living there must be
A god, perhaps, or mortal who is trusted
To keep time's soulless heart resolved to dare
Some measurement of that eternity
Which now inhabits room by room, the bare
Yet full and dreadful solitude, the vast
Emptiness, the human-furnished past.

RICHARD CHURCH

Living in Venice

By RAYMOND BAKER

AT eight o'clock Antonio woke me as usual with a blast on his little horn. He was the dustman and, like all dustmen in Venice, if the rubbish bin was not left outside he would blow the small brass horn which hung from his neck until you opened the door. It was as pleasant a way of getting up as I could think of—to be wakened by a kind of voluntary for the Italian horn—so my dustbin was never left out. Besides, I liked Antonio, who gave me all the gossip as he rested on his cart. The cart was really a barrel on wheels with two handles to push it with and well-suited to narrow Venetian alleys.

The little flat was off San Barnaba, a square few people have ever heard of. It lies hidden away behind a network of narrow streets near the Academy Bridge, not far from the Grand Canal. It was very noisy in the mornings, partly because life is noisy there—anyway, but chiefly because my landlord had sold what the Venetians call 'the rights of upbuilding' of my flat, and now someone was busily constructing another flat on top of mine—it is a way the Venetians have of dealing with the lack of space in their enchanting city. It sounds rather haphazard but it is not. As a matter of fact, the flat which was being built on top of mine ran into trouble on account of the chimney-stack. It was not beautiful enough. The skyline produced was not in keeping with nearby houses and nothing would do but that a more beautiful chimney had to be produced. And it was. There is no messing about. You cannot use any colour you fancy, either, in Venice, because only five are permitted on the outside of buildings: *giallo*, *giallo limone*, *sangue di bue*, *verdellino*, *ros'antico*, and they mean yellow, lemon yellow, oxblood, pastel green, and old rose.

As I was saying, I got up and went out to the square where there were the usual two *cafés*, one on each side, so that you can have a drink in the shade whatever time of day it is; and at one of them a crowd of people were arguing fiercely and looked as though they might fight at any moment. Getting nearer, I heard that the argument was about Signor Coppi and whether he was the greatest man Italy had ever produced. In Italy, champion racing cyclists receive the kind of attention and interest that would make the supporters of Denis Compton and Stanley Matthews seem deaf mutes by comparison. Every aspect of a champion cyclist's life is the subject of the closest scrutiny, and Signor Coppi is the king of them all. There was talk of a lady in the case, *ebbe*, and how would that affect his form? Ought champions to have the same freedom as ordinary people in these matters?

To express a doubt in connection with Coppi is asking for trouble. I was not, so I passed on to the fruit and vegetable shop, bright with its yellow, green, and red peppers, the baby marrows, the red and white string beans, and those dried mushrooms which are so essential to a good Bolognese sauce. I greeted the Signora and suggested that Signor Coppi might make a good President, but she was more interested in trying to selling me her peaches. While she was weighing them I became aware of a special kind of silence round the stall, and it suddenly struck me that there were no wasps about. Then I saw the

reason. Above the fruit hung a glass decanter-like affair; it looked rather like a *chianti* flask, without its straw covering but with an opening in the bottom. This led straight up into the middle of the flask, and inside was a brown, oily liquid full of dead wasps. Above the liquid a lot of wasps were lazily trying to get out. It was the laziness that caught my attention. They looked drunk. They *were* drunk because as the Signora explained, the liquid was Marsala wine, thick and sweet like sherry, with molasses in it, which the wasps loved, and with which they drank themselves finally into insensibility.



The Grand Canal, Venice

J. Allan Cash

Lunch was to be on the island of Lido with some English friends, and to go there meant a fairly long ride on a water-bus, or *vaporetto* as they were called. They go from one end of the Grand Canal all the way to Lido. From the *vaporetto* you can see at close quarters the fabulous palaces with their water washing their front doorsteps; the sailor-like uniforms of the private gondoliers in their immaculate, white-linen drape; the arrogant line of the motor launches of the wealthy, tethered to the striped mooring posts like barbers' poles stuck into the bed of the canal. And further along come the famous hotels with their open-air dining tables, the white cloths showing up vividly against the green of the creeping plants. The end of the Grand Canal is always a climax. On the right

there is the huge golden ball of the Customs House, and a little way behind that the lovely church of Santa Maria della Salute, which is not unlike a little St. Paul's. On the left glides into view the Doge's Palace with its two tiers of arches, so that the shadows show up the delicate design of carefully cut stone, and above that the amazing mixture of solid, pink-and-white stonework punctuated with black shadowed, arched windows.

San Marco is the *vaporetto* stop and a junction. It is an aquatic Piccadilly Circus where everything meets: the express water-buses, the long-distance launches, and the majestic ferry steamers which shuttle forever from Lido Island to St. Mark's Square. Yes, it is a good way of seeing the city if you are not in a hurry. There is one thing to be careful about, though, that is the word *permesso*. It means 'excuse me', and it is usually the prelude to a shove in the back and barbed shins, and it means as a rule, that twenty people are trying to get into a space big enough for five. There was a lot of *permesso* about on the day I am talking of, and I saw a surprised-looking German in *lederhosen* sitting unhappily in a basket of rather soft-looking peaches into which he had been pushed by what was clearly the largest tummy in Venice. But its owner has said '*permesso*', and so it was all right.

Lido is a more frivolous place than Venice proper, and even the municipality recognise this for they allow a sixth colour to be used on buildings on Lido. True, it is only white but it is a recognition. The island is long and thin, with a main street of stalls, expensive shops, *cafés*, and 'dancings', and the famous Lido beach, which is a great expanse of sand with miles and miles of beach-huts with their blue and-white striped awnings, deck-chairs, and the general air of expensive pleasure.

Getting off the water-bus at the Academy Bridge again on the return journey, I meant to have a look at the Tintoretto and Bellini at the Academy (which is the picture gallery), but the unusual sight of the modest *café* there crowded with people caught my eye. There they were sitting outside at little tables with striped umbrellas over them, with pink, yellow, or white aperitifs or coffee, and all of them had their heads turned in one direction. They were staring at a large television screen while a few feet away the water-buses, gondolas, and motor-boats swished by. The screen was bigger than anything I had seen in England and the pictures were very clear, much clearer than ours, it seemed to me. The *café* proprietor told me that he thought they were a great invention, because now at television time his *café* was always full, whereas before, '*non c'era male*'—with an expressive gesture which meant that it had usually been half empty.

It is easy to get side-tracked in Venice, and though I had intended to go home I found myself wandering into Piazza Santa Margherita, which is, next to San Marco, the largest square in Venice, but not a fashionable one. It is where the fishermen, gondoliers, porters, and working people live and have their lives. The smell of *scampi*, freshly caught, assails the nostrils (and Venice is the home of *scampi*). A smiling woman thrusts flowers under your nose and asks you to buy, blackly roasted coffee beans are being ground before being mercilessly steamed to death in *espresso* machines in the dozens of *café*s on all sides, and every now and then a girl passes with a whiff of jasmine or a scent you do not know about but wish you

I opened my eyes because the square was packed. I had forgotten all about it, it was the night of the Tombola. Tombola is really the game of lotto, and the municipality allow it to be played once a year. At one end of the square was a large platform with microphones on it and four men reading out the numbers. All round the square itself were loudspeakers, and in every *café*, bar, or shop, on every balcony and in every doorway, were people with their score cards marking off their numbers with rising excitement as they came over the loudspeakers. The prizes were not big—about £30 for the first prize and several seconds and thirds, but everyone was having fun. I had a drink at my favourite *café* with the blind waiter who knew most people by their voices after having heard them once. I was *Lo Straniero*, the foreigner, and his daughter came and sat on my knee. She was beautiful and she said she loved me. I think it was true but it may have had something to do with the ice-cream she claimed as a right; and, alas, she was only five.

By nine o'clock that evening it would have been very difficult for anyone to have picked a quarrel with me, for I had dined with care. Fish soup does not sound very grand, but it is a dish fit for a king, whether you eat it as *bouillabaisse* in Marseilles, or as *zuppa di pesce* in Venice. It is not really a soup anyway, but mainly solid. It is made from three different kinds of fish, with saffron, spices, herbs, garlic, and you should drink some local white wine with it. After such a meal two things are absolutely essential. One is coffee and the other is *grappa*. *Grappa* is a white, clean-tasting spirit made from the skins of grapes, and I went with that purpose to the world-famous bar on the Grand Canal which the tourists, and especially the readers of Hemingway, know as Harry's Bar, and which the Venetians call Cipriani's. It was crowded and, for Italy, strangely quiet. At one end there were a lot of cables and arc lamps and that curious atmosphere of boredom which seems inseparable from film-making. A lady in the middle of all this confusion was pointed out to me as Miss



The church of Santa Maria della Salute, seen from the waterfront

J. Allan Cash

Kattereen Hep-burn, and a rather irritable Venetian remarked that Mr. Lean was making the town very untidy by popping up everywhere with his barges, cables, arc lamps, Miss Hep-burn, and one thing and another.

That evening was important, because I was going to the floating concert. Standing outside Harry's Bar, I looked out over the Basin of St. Mark's. On the water coming up from the Grand Canal was what looked like a gigantic merry-go-round. It was being pushed along by three straining tug-boats and almost hidden by a thousand-and-one coloured lights. On this floating platform was a whole symphony orchestra playing *Turandot*, and it went slowly and magnificently along. Responsive to beauty as always, the Venetians and the foreign Italians from other parts of Italy burst spontaneously into clapping and cries of '*bravo*', '*viva*', '*magnifico*', and nearby I distinctly heard an Englishman say 'Not bad, I must say'.

Soon the floating bandstand was gently placed into position in front of the Doge's Palace, near St. Mark's Square. All around by this time were the audience in gondolas, motor-boats, rowing boats, dinghies, and anything that would float at all. Majestically, the *maestro* began the concert of Verdi, and in the pauses in the music all that could be heard was the water lapping gently against the sides of the boats. The many coloured lights all along the quays, the oriental majesty of St. Mark's looking as though it belonged to far-off Turkey or Turkestan, and the poised grace of the gondoliers as they leaned on their poles high over the slender stems of their incomparable craft: I do not think I shall ever listen to Verdi again with quite the same excitement as I did that night in a gondola.

After the concert everyone flocked to Florians, which is one of the two big open-air *café*s in St. Mark's Square. I followed the crowds and sat down and ordered some coffee and a *grappa*. If you sit there long enough you will see everyone you ever wish to meet. It was cool, and the oriental loveliness of St. Mark's was as unbelievable as ever. At the next table was an American, excitedly enthusiastic at the end of a day's sight seeing. 'You know what', he said, 'I could stay here for a week'. Well, I thought, you and me both, brother.—*Home Service*



The Doge's Palace

The Religious Education of Children

An educationist and a minister of religion on Christian teaching in school and home

I—By M. V. C. JEFFREYS

WE need to restore God to the centre of men's affections'. The man who said that was not a preacher; he was Professor Einstein. Scientists, just as much as others, are concerned in these days about the fate of our civilisation; this civilisation where we have blockaded our horizon with the works of our own hands, and we have shut ourselves out from the presence of God. The fact that our generation knows shockingly little about religion does not make us less uneasy.

It is a strange thing that many parents do not themselves believe in Christianity and yet want their children taught some religion, but not enough to make them 'queer'. Anyway, during recent years there has been a new and active interest in religious education: and it is significant that the Ministry of Education and the local authorities are not by any means indifferent to the teaching of religion in schools.

It has been said that 'something like a revolution has taken place in our attitude to religious education'. The schools are taking the new opportunities created by the Education Act of 1944. By that Act, religious instruction, which all pupils must receive unless withdrawn at their parents' wish, must be according to an agreed syllabus. Many of these syllabuses are now available; they are 'agreed' between the local education authorities, the teachers' associations, and the Churches. The very fact of active co-operation between these bodies has done a great deal to liberate religious education from the old, bad tradition of sectarian prejudice. Armed with a good syllabus, with explanatory notes and graded for the needs of children of different ages, the intelligent and enthusiastic teacher has every chance of doing his job well. Today it is generally recognised that, as a subject of study, religious knowledge demands a worthy intellectual effort from teacher and taught, and must be handled at least as competently as any other subject—not treated as something to be squeezed out of the time-table by the marking of registers and collection of milk-money.

These things I have mentioned are advances, as far as they go. But no Act of Parliament, no syllabus, can guarantee good teaching. That, in the end, is a matter of teacher and pupil; and we all know that religious instruction bristles with difficulties—difficulties which the new syllabuses, and better opportunities of training, help the teacher to cope with.

Difficulties of Communication

There are difficulties of communication. In an age when, for many people, the Lordship of God and man's need of redemption are not urgent, living realities, but have faded into picturesque metaphor, how can we bring religious truth home to the rising generation? There is the difficulty that truth about the meaning of life is the kind of truth that has to be lived into, not merely thought into. It is never easy for the young to realise that the truth of the Christian Gospel is something that you cannot settle one way or the other by discussion (though there is plenty to discuss, in all conscience). The question: 'Who is Christ?' has to find its answer, bit by bit, through years of discipleship.

There is, too, the difficulty that religious truth cannot in any case be conveyed in plain factual statement. Not that facts do not matter: historical fact matters supremely to Christianity. Christianity is built on a life that was actually lived; and the first preaching was the proclamation of the fact that Christ is Risen. But the Christian Gospel is not only facts; it is the meaning of those facts. And when we come to convey meaning, we have to resort to picture-language—we cannot help it. Enquiry shows that children (and grown-ups, too, for that matter) often have naive and crude ways of picturing religious ideas: for instance, the idea that God is up in the sky or that heaven is a place which resounds to the twanging of harps. Of course we ought not to encourage imagery that is unworthy of anyone's mental development, but I do not think we ought to be unduly worried if a child imagines God as an old man with a beard. The important thing is not the beard,

but what sort of an old man it is—does He love us, hate us, or just ignore us? The picture of God as an old man does at least affirm that God is personal, and for that reason it is far nearer the truth than a notion of God as an impersonal force, or an abstract idea. We must beware that, in trying to improve upon picture-language, we do not empty out the baby with the bath-water. We all need picture-language for the deepest truth, as Plato knew well; though our picture-language ought to grow up along with us and not stay arrested at an infantile level. The Bible is full of picture-language—'God walked in the Garden'; 'The Lord spake unto Moses'; 'Christ sitteth on the right hand of God'—as it is also full of historical facts. Indeed, the theme of the Bible, from beginning to end, is the meaning of the facts, not only the facts themselves. We must never forget this when we teach the Bible to children. The Bible is folklore, history, literature—but above all, it is, by the intention of its writers, the disclosure of God's purpose for the world. There is no religious value in tracing the wanderings of Abraham, or the journeys of St. Paul, unless we learn something from them of God's challenge and man's response.

The Most Difficult Job

It cannot be said too strongly that the teacher must know his subject, however young his pupils or simple his teaching. He needs that mastery of his subject which tells him not only what to say but (even more important) what not to say. Perhaps the most difficult job for the teacher is in the secondary modern school. Boys and girls go out from there at fifteen to earn their living in a world where standards prevail that are often very different from those the school has tried to uphold. For these boys and girls the teaching must be built round the great people of the Bible and Christian history. The meaning of truth and goodness, of spiritual conflict, and of personal decision, comes convincingly to life when we see them embodied in living people. In this way even the least intellectual can be shown that the secret of life is to be claimed by something so much greater than ourselves that we do not care what happens to ourselves. St. Paul, for example, can be one of the most exciting figures in history; that queer little man of unimpressive aspect but indomitable will, shipwrecked, beaten up, the running target of calamity, who yet found his freedom in the service of his Master, and in suffering his glory.

When it comes to theology, the teacher will do well to take his stand on some of the great simplicities of the Bible. St. Paul's tremendous phrases: 'Christ the Image of the Invisible God', and 'God was in Christ, reconciling the world to Himself', hold enough theology to keep most of us going.

But religious instruction is only one part of Christian education. That is why the Act of 1944 says that the school day must start with an Act of Worship. Most schools take this seriously and plan the school worship with intelligence and imagination. It is as well to remember that, for many children, the school worship is the only experience of corporate worship they ever have.

Because education is more than instruction, the light of Christian teaching ought to spread through the whole life and work of the school. Science, for example, should be studied in reverence for God's truth, not from an appetite to magnify human power; and it will be all the more scientific for that, because it will be more interested in truth than in exploitation. If the school is to be a Christian community, we must rethink a good deal that we take for granted in education, such as the traditional stimulation of the competitive spirit. Again, because education is more than instruction, the teacher needs conviction as well as knowledge. Not that enthusiasm can be a substitute for knowledge. But knowledge alone is not enough. A true knowledge of the Christian faith must pass beyond 'information about' and become 'experience of'. The good teacher has something of the prophet about him. He speaks with the authority of knowledge and conviction, and with the insight that values his pupils' moral and intellectual freedom more than the superficial success of his own teaching. It is that reverence for the autonomy of the human spirit that reconciles authority and freedom.

For the end of all education, which is incomplete unless religious, is to bring the individual to the point of personal decision. This is true not only for sixth form boys and girls. It is equally true for those who go to work at fifteen. They are unlikely to be philosophers or theologians; but they can be brought to face the choice of personal loyalty. For them especially the teaching of religion must be real and relevant. The Bible must come to life. That does not merely mean 'local colour'—the manners and customs of the Holy Land. That kind of thing can be overdone; if we are not careful it only makes the story more remote. The important thing is to bring home the reality of experience as something a boy or girl can enter into and recognise as genuine. For example, how can we fail to recognise our own human nature in St. Paul's 'The good that I would I do not, and the evil that I would not, that I do'? Incidentally, the colloquial raciness of much of Paul's writing comes through in good modern translations.

The good teacher can bring home the urgency of the Bible, unbounded by time and place. He can get behind false sentimentality and deceptive familiarity. He can bring his pupils, perhaps, to their first encounter with the fire of Jesus' attack on official respectability; the mastery of His destiny in the decision to go up to Jerusalem and there challenge established authority at a time when the city was crowded with pilgrims—knowing what the consequence would be; his utter loneliness at that time when His closest followers expected a very different kind of Messiah, one who would be a 'success', and were 'offended because of Him that night'; the power of the Resurrection in those men who ran like rats when Jesus was arrested and who, six weeks later, were back within a few hundred yards of the place of burial making the astonishing assertion that their Master was alive—an assertion which the priesthood could have silenced by producing the body.

The end of all teaching is to bring the individual face to face with a personal challenge. From the ultimate obligation of personal choice there is no escape. Our education fails unless it brings each of us, sooner or later, to that point of decision. Christian education goes beyond that, and is fulfilled only when the burden of obligation is transformed into the freedom of the children of God.

II—By the Rev. RONALD GOODCHILD

WHY SHOULD THE CHURCH be interested in the education of children and what form should that interest take? Most people see the Church's task in terms of Sunday School; and many parents regard Sunday School as a useful way of occupying their children on Sunday afternoon and are content to leave it at that. But why should the Church be interested? That is the vital question.

The Church is interested in the education of children not primarily because it has information and knowledge to impart that children will not get at school, but because it has views about the nature of man and his purpose in this world. The Christian believes that the world is created by God and that man is made in his image—and by image he means that man is above all else a person, with a mind and a will and emotions; and that his life and all he does with it and through it is a response to the God who created him. He thinks of education, therefore, not just in terms of teaching but as providing the context in which a child can learn to live life fully and completely. There must be this unity and purpose and there must be this goal to reach out to; and the one word to describe the whole process is worship. I tried recently with a group of sixth formers to get a definition of that word 'worship'. In the end we decided that when you gave something of yourself to something or somebody of worth, you had really set out on the path of worship. We thought of it in terms of all sorts of things—the pursuit of scientific knowledge, the search for beauty through art, the call of adventure, the service of one's fellow-men, and so on. They agreed that if you succeeded in discovering that which is of the highest worth, then your response would be total: that is, all your activities in life would be related to the object of your worship.

Christians believe that God is that which is of the highest worth and worship is the response of our whole lives to Him. Worship properly thought of is not the pursuit of rather dull practices on Sunday, nor is it priggish behaviour during the week, nor is it the wishful hope of a happier world when we have done with this one. It is the response of our whole lives to Him. The Church is the one community of people that realises this and tries to demonstrate it. It is in this context that the Church sees the education of children.

It is the aim of Christian education to enable a child to respond as completely as he can to the worth of God as Christians have come to understand it in Jesus Christ. But when does this process begin? A few days ago a young couple came to see me about getting married. It was virtually the first time they had met a clergyman. I asked them why they came to see one now. 'Well, we want to be married', they said. 'But why do you particularly want to be married in church when you have not been to church before?' 'Well', one replied, 'we want our marriage to be different'. That is where the process begins; for you could have no firmer directive for the Christian education of children than the first condition of marriage as laid down in the marriage service which I then began to discuss with them. 'Matrimony was ordained', it says, 'for the increase of mankind according to the will of God and that children might be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord and to the praise of his holy name'. In other words, the Church reminds those about to be married that God not only gives them the privilege of creating children but also the responsibility of educating them—that they may be brought up in the fear and nurture of the Lord and to the praise of his holy name.

'How', I asked my young couple, 'do you intend to do that?' They had not thought very much about it; time enough for that when the children arrived. 'But that is too late', I suggested, for education is not just what we tell our children, but the whole atmosphere in which life is lived. The stage must, as it were, be fully set when the child comes into the world. They thought they would teach their children to say their prayers and send them to Sunday School when they were old enough. 'Would you do that', I said, 'because you yourselves say your prayers and go to church?' 'Well, no', they said, 'we don't do those things ourselves'.

The unity of purpose must be the same for all of us. If God is that which is of the highest worth then our response must not be less sincere than we expect from our children. Two standards of belief and behaviour will not do, and how quick children are to realise it! My own daughter, aged four, took us up on this on one occasion. A small boy had spent the day with our family. He had been far from good, but when his parents called for him and asked how he had behaved we replied, not wishing to offend, that he had really been quite good. 'But how can you say that', chirped up our daughter, 'when you know he's been naughty?' It was a lesson to us. It reminded us that the first lessons children learn they learn by imitating. We are their first glimpse of God. A friend of mine was confronted by his small daughter at breakfast one day with the remark that she had dreamt during the night about God. 'Oh', said her father, 'what was he like?' 'He was like you', she replied, 'only much, much huger!'

One of the significant and really helpful facts in the early stages of Christian education—and indeed to me a strong argument for the existence of God—is the fact that children are born with a real awareness of God. I spend much of my time trying to convince grown-ups to believe in God, but I have never had to convince a child. A child can make God one of the family from an incredibly early age—that is, if God is already one of that family. Both the atmosphere of the home and what is said affect a child even before it is old enough to talk. A young couple once came to me about four years after their marriage to ask my advice about when they should teach their child to start saying his prayers. 'How old is he now?' I asked. 'Just three', they replied. 'Then you have missed it by three years', I said. For if we are going to bring God into their life it must be from the moment they arrive. The first family prayers must be said at the cot.

Church-Home Relationship

So the home becomes the base from which operations start; the Church has in a sense been there before the home, so the church-home relationship is the first important one and is already established in Christian marriage. It is still five years before the school will come into the picture. The groundwork of Christian education should be done in those five years. At five it may well be too late.

The Church has to keep before the home that first condition of marriage: to bring up their children to know God. With those who fail to fulfil it the Church has another chance at baptism. Back come the young couple, because again they feel the Church has something to give. They may only feel that there is virtue in having the baby 'done', as they say—a sort of spiritual vaccination—but the Church is nevertheless given its next chance of taking Christian education a stage further in homes where its significance has not been noticed.

Here, on this occasion, more people are involved. There are now godparents as well as parents. A child has joined a family in which the spirit of its home will decide many things. The child is now brought to join a larger family in which God is openly professed and where greater decisions will be made. The godparents are asked to accept, on behalf of the child, some pretty stiff conditions of membership; that they will help the child to make God and not the world the central point in its life; that they will help the parents to bring him up to know what the Church teaches about God and man; that they will help him to see what God's will is and help him to carry it out; and that they will bring him to full membership of the Church when he has reached years of discretion. That they will help him to see, in other words, that life is a total response to the God who gave it.

Much of those conditions can only be fulfilled if the whole family is within the life and atmosphere of the Church; but for parents who are not I try to make clear the Church's real concern in their child's education, and the fact that the child may miss the whole purpose of life if the parents have not found it themselves. The young couple, having taken the initiative on two occasions to approach us, may not take it again for many years, if they fail to see, or choose not to see, the real relationship between Church and home. The Church must forge the link, it must hold up before the family the goal of Christian education—to worship God. It must remind them why they promised to bring up their children in the fear and nurture of the Lord and to the praise of His holy name. From time to time the Church will recall the family to its responsibilities.

It is the task of the Church to maintain at as many points as possible the links it has already forged. Where the Church fails is that the forging of the link is left too often to the clergy, where it should be the responsibility of the whole Christian family in any given place. In a recent visit to Berlin I met a layman who, on behalf of the Church, had the task of caring for 2,000 families of unrecognised refugees; people without work, without accommodation, and without money. Through the ministrations of this man they found literally their only hope for the future. We ought, in the churches, to have the same corporate concern for those outside our common life.

Then after five years comes a new factor into the life of the child—the school. But how much has depended on what has already been done? The child's habits, character, outlook have been formed—and if formed badly we cannot expect miracles from the school. The school, with its well-ordered life, will offer a whole set of new interests and activities which may well have the effect of putting both home and Church in the shade. Home, if it is worthy of the name, will find ways of reconciling itself to the situation. It will seek to co-operate with all that is done for the welfare of the child. But what of the Church? The door of the school is officially closed to the local church. One reason for this is the disunity of the Church, and this is a serious bar to the relationship between Church and school. Within the school community the children will receive religious instruction and

take part in an act of worship each day. And, though there are heads of schools who see the school as a real Christian community, the activities of the school will not generally be thought of as a response to the worth of God. The child's appreciation of Christian education will be mainly in the hands of those teachers who are convinced churchmen. But the Church will still be able to show it cares and to act accordingly.

I know one town where a Council of Churches, because it is able to act interdenominationally, co-operates with the schools to such an extent that its representatives are allowed to see all the children before they leave school, thus bringing home to them the Church's real concern in their future. In a great number of towns and cities now, conferences are held by the S.C.M. in schools for fifth and sixth formers, and boys and girls are being faced with the claims of God in the actual context of their school life. They are able to have their questions answered by Christian laymen, experts in their own field, who can not only bring an authority to the answers which the school teacher is often not qualified to do, but also can enable the boys and girls to see the total claim that Christianity makes on life. Moreover, they are given a vision of the extent and scope of the Church's work and interests. There are other ways. In my town for example, the headmistress of one of the schools has invited in turn the leaders of all the main denominations in the town to address her school, about the beliefs and the work of each particular church. Here is opened a door that can lead to all kinds of valuable contacts. Again, many of the schools in the town bring their children to church at important moments in the school year and particularly at Christmas, to well-planned and finely executed carol services—and their parents come too.

Here is a chance—at a really sacred moment in the Church's life—for school, home, and Church to come together to offer the lives of themselves and their children in a deliberate and corporate act of worship. Increasingly the Church is being encouraged to interest itself in the life of local schools and to help in their problems, but the Church if it is wise will put its main emphasis on the relationship with the home. It will seek to provide the context, in the normal worship of the Church, for the children, with their families, to offer all their activities to God, and, by so doing, have them transformed and purified. The Church will not make instruction the be-all and end-all of its concern for the children—that is the task of the school. It will teach them how to worship; that is the task of the Church, and that is a family activity.

Though we may desperately seek to bring home, school, and Church together, the home, for better or worse, is the strongest influence in Christian education. Here are laid the foundations upon which first the Church and then school have to build; but it is the Church, if true to itself, that alone can give the direction in which all shall move, for all our strivings in life, if we are to find purpose in their fulfilment, should be a response to the worth of God as it is revealed in Jesus Christ.—*Home Service*

Foundations of Western Values

JAMES WELCH gives the first of six talks

YOU remember that line of Robert Burns about seeing ourselves as others see us? I wonder how many of us have suddenly experienced that—have suddenly, as it were, been made to regard ourselves from outside, through the eyes, perhaps, of a foreign friend? I am not sure that the experience is wholly to be commended—but let me give you two examples of what I mean.

An African chief, a man whom I had met in his own country in East Africa, came to England for the first time when he was well past sixty. He had never before left his own country—in which he held a high and responsible post—and he flew over here, rocketed as it were in a matter of hours from his own simple and familiar African surroundings to the complex and shifting crowds of London. A friend of mine went to call on him the morning after his arrival and asked him how he was and whether he was enjoying himself. The African chief said he was feeling well, but he had had a frightening

experience earlier that morning. He had gone, he said, to have a look round the streets and had found himself at Victoria Station. He said, 'Naturally I went in to see your trains. And I stood near some iron railings, by an iron gate, to watch a train come in and it was there that I saw this frightening thing. For, as the train came nearer and nearer to where I was standing, all the doors at one moment swung outward, and, while the train was still moving, a great many men jumped out, quite silently, and they began to run towards me. They carried umbrellas like spears, and their faces were set and unsmiling. I thought something terrible was about to happen, so I ran away'. Well, there it is. There is the 8.50, or the 9.15, or whatever your business train may be, arriving at a London station. And there *we* are, as this elderly African saw us, on his first day among us. The picture, mercifully, has its funny side, but, for me at any rate, the smile is mixed with a slight unease.

The next picture is even more searching. A girl visitor from Nigeria,

fresh from the noisy, laughing fellowship of an African village, where greetings are everywhere and every house stands open, took lodgings in a London suburb. On her first Sunday morning, she went for a walk with an English friend. The streets were unremarkable, empty and colourless: the doors of the houses closed, blinds drawn over many of the windows. When her friend, to whom all this was familiar, asked the Nigerian girl why she was shivering and silent, the girl said: 'It makes me feel afraid, it is like a city of the dead'.

Lessons from First Impressions

Those are true stories. They have stuck in my mind because I have just returned to live in England after more than seven years in Africa, and those stories give me a glimpse of my country and my people through the eyes of two Africans meeting our society for the first time. I know that in a matter of weeks both of those Africans would be wonderfully at home here—for no people I have met have a greater power of adaptation than Africans. But those first impressions are valuable, as are the criticisms implied in them, because all that we stand for as a people is now very much under criticism in a way it has not been before. Until fairly recently, the African, with his genius for imitation, has, on the whole, found that much of what we bring him is what he wants—education, medical services, roads, railways, and the amenities of civilisation. But today, with Nigeria and the Gold Coast on the verge of self-government, and other British colonies and protectorates heading in the same direction, there is a far more critical and selective spirit abroad. The African people are, rightly, beginning to examine western civilisation, to select from it what they want and reject what they do not. They are saying, 'Well, let us look at this so-called and often much-vaunted British "way of life" and ask ourselves how much of it is worth preserving in our new African society'.

And their questioning minds are turned, sometimes relentlessly, upon the foundations of our life that we have all taken so much for granted that we have ceased to question them. They are thinking not of the more material things of our civilisation which Africa certainly needs—schools, colleges, hospitals, roads, railways, motor-cars, and so on—but of the underlying values, often the hidden values, of it: such as honesty, truthfulness, keeping one's word, compassion, the Christian religion, integrity, and so on. Most of us, when we go to a country like Africa, take these values with us, so to speak, in our kit-bags. We have grown up with them and grown used to them. We live by them—almost unconsciously; and we are not, as you know, very articulate about them. In the past we have assumed that other people, everywhere, should live by them too. In fact, we have believed that they are, or should be, universal values. And it is something of a shock to realise that some of them are not.

A friend of mine has recently reminded me that there are, for example, two kinds of Christianity—the kind that exports and the kind that does not. I think what he meant was this: that a Christianity of individual conversion, where a man's beliefs are seen to flower in his actions, is something which has proved itself to be 'exportable'—the growth of the Christian Church overseas during the last 150 years stands as witness to this kind of Christianity. But the other kind, the Christianity that does not export, is that which has been woven into the very texture of our western civilisation and culture and cannot be separated from it. It is hard for us to understand how alien that culture may seem to the people of Africa. Professor Butterfield quotes the historian Freeman as saying: 'Christianity has hardly anywhere taken a firm and lasting root, except in those countries which either formed a part of the Roman Empire or learned their religion and civilisation from it'. Is it the same with those basic values which we think belong to our British, our western, way of living? Are some exportable, and others not? Further—and this is the point, I think, which concerns all of us—are some permanent and others not? If not, which values would you let go, and which do you think are essential to any way of life you would find tolerable in the future?

In Africa, many of my friends, now holding posts whose responsibility daily increases, are busy debating which of the values of our British way of life are valid for their new society. It is a matter of vital moment for them, for they are, indeed, building something new—and this building something new is an adventure some of us have largely forgotten, in our older, established world. Some of them have talked about these things with me, in my house in Nigeria, during long and hot evening hours. It is difficult to convey to you what that experience

is like—how extremely old and slow-moving, for example, I myself seem, alongside these expressive people with their swift gestures, the bare brown arm outthrust from a bright African robe, the rapid fire of pertinent (and so nearly impertinent) questions that seem so often to strike at the roots of what I have been brought up to accept without a doubt. These people have to think fast, because their world is moving fast, and they are the people who have to take the choices now in their own country. So this is no fascinating, tortuous undergraduate argument for them: what they are trying to work out today may be part of their social fabric tomorrow. I have sat and listened to them—put my oar in now and again—felt, as I have said, old and established: but not too old to have been shaken into a re-examination of those values which I heard myself talking about as part and parcel of our way of life. I have been forced to ask myself which are the essential things I value about the way of life in which I have been brought up; which things, perhaps, are not essential but certainly desirable; and which, if any, we might lose without any great sense of loss. It has been a salutary experience.

A few months ago I returned to this country, with these questions still buzzing in my mind. Settling in, taking up the threads again, meeting old friends, I have been interested to find many people here asking somewhat similar questions. I was asking these questions, because the values I had taken for granted were under criticism by and in a society different from our own. The friends in this country who were asking similar questions were asking them for a different reason: they were asking them because they had become conscious that this country is going through profound and rapid social changes. A friend of mine, with an active, perceptive mind, recently said to me on her ninetieth birthday: 'I feel as though I had lived for two hundred years; not ninety, so many and so rapid are the changes I have seen; and I don't like the age into which we are moving because, in losing many things we can do without, we are losing many we can't do without if our young people are to have a life that is worth living'.

What are these things, these values, we cannot do without if we and our children are to have a healthy society, a life worth living? The interesting thing is that most of the values I began to see in Africa were essential—what one might call the hard core of indispensable values—were, many of them, the values which were on the list of many of my friends here. The question I have put to many people these last few months, up and down the country, and in the universities, was this: 'In so much that is changing, and in the more that is about to change, which are the values you think are basic to our way of life as a people? When the tides of change have washed over us, which are the rocks you would like to see still standing?' As you can imagine, the list was a fairly long and greatly varied one. Many put first the Christian religion, as I did—but not all. Others said compassion; others, courtesy and good manners; others, appreciation of beauty and the arts; others, freedom of speech, writing, and assembly; and so on. But at the end of my enquiry it was clear that there were at least five values which all thought were basic to our way of life as a people; and, as there was unanimity on these five, and only these five, they have been chosen for this series of broadcasts I have been asked to introduce.

Five Basic Values

The five values these people felt were essential to our British society and way of life are these: first, the ultimate value of the person—people matter, and matter the more the healthier a society is; then, English law impartially administered, which respects and protects our freedom as persons; then, a sense of responsibility, and the willing acceptance of responsibility; then, the quality of integrity in people and all that that word means; and finally, the passion for truth, not only in our universities of which it is the lifeblood, but in our thinking, our feeling, and living. Everyone will wish to add to these five. But I think everyone will agree that our lives as a people, and our life as a society, would be immeasurably poorer if we were to lose these five—and that is why we want to keep them. And indeed some will feel that without these values, acknowledged, practised, obeyed, our personal lives would scarcely be tolerable. If you disagree about the chosen five, and think, and argue, so much the better. For I do believe it is high time we became more conscious and articulate about the way of life we have inherited, and about the values we find are essential to any good life, if we are to hold on to them through the changes and challenges that lie ahead.—*Home Service*

NEWS DIARY

April 13-19

Wednesday, April 13

The report of the Court of Inquiry into the London newspaper strike is published: it states that the calling of the strike was unjustified, proposes that there shall be a central negotiating body for all the newspaper unions, and recommends a return to work on the basis of the employers' present offer

The French Government decides not to make atomic or hydrogen bombs

President Eisenhower approves agreement for sharing American atomic information with other Nato countries

Minister of Education addressing the National Union of Teachers' conference at Scarborough says that his aim is 'secondary education for all'

The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh begin a tour of north-west Lancashire

Thursday, April 14

Talks at the Ministry of Labour about the London newspaper strike end in deadlock

The Soviet Union and Austria agree on conditions for a treaty. Herr Raab, the Austrian Chancellor, in a message to the Austrian people, says 'Austria will be free'

The Argentine Government orders the temporary suspension of Roman Catholic religious teaching in state schools

The new Postmaster-General appeals to the public to address letters and parcels more clearly

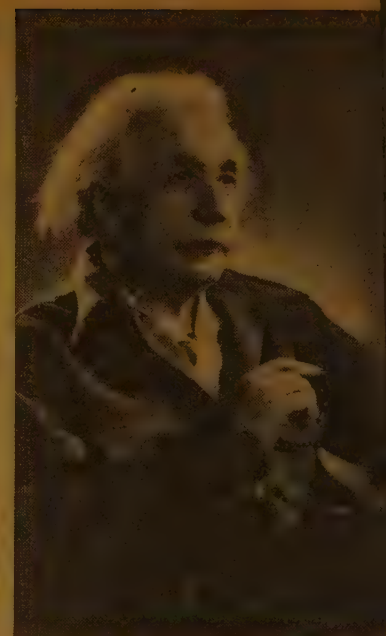
Liberal Party Assembly opens in Llandudno

Friday, April 15

The Prime Minister in a broadcast to the nation announces that H.M. the Queen will dissolve parliament on May 6 and that a General Election will be held on May 26. The new parliament will be summoned on June 7 and the Queen will open it on June 14. In the course of his broadcast the Prime Minister said 'uncertainty at home and abroad about the political future is bad for our influence in world affairs, bad for trade, and unsettling in many ways. I believe that it is better to face this issue now'

About 20,000 men belonging to more than a dozen unions employed in the newspaper industry stop work because their notices of dismissal have expired. The Minister of Labour reports to the Prime Minister on the strike

A joint *communiqué* is published by the Soviet and Austrian Governments about the early conclusion of an Austrian state treaty



Dr. Albert Einstein, the great scientist, in Princeton, New Jersey, on April 13, at the age of seventy-six. Born of Jewish parents in Ulm, he made his reputation in Switzerland. Outlawed by the Nazis in 1933, he settled in the United States and became an American citizen in 1940. Three years ago he resigned the Presidency of Israel. His book on *Relativity* published in English in 1920

Left: a recent photograph of the Rt. Hon. H. Butler, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, at his desk at 11, Downing Street. He introduced the Budget in the House of Commons on April 13



The Afro-Asian Conference, sponsored by five powers in the Middle and Far East, met at Bandung in Indonesia on April 18. The photograph shows Indonesian troops marching past the conference hall. President Soekarno, in his opening address, said it was the first international conference 'of the so-called coloured peoples' ever to be held



Keith Michie, the British Ambassador in a scene from the film 'The Bridge on the River Kwai' with John Gielgud at the top

Right: the British Ambassador, Keith Michie, with his wife, Margaret, at the opening of the film 'The Bridge on the River Kwai' at the Guildhall, London, on April 18. The film marked a step in the history of the British Empire



M. the Queen leaving a factory at Blackburn on April 16, during her two-day tour of north-west Lancashire



Vivien Leigh as Viola in 'Twelfth Night', produced by Sir John Gielgud, at the Shakespeare season which opens last week

Image Procession with their Squires, arriving on April 17. Princess Margaret's service which will be held in the building of the Cathedral in Surrey



News Diary (continued)

Saturday, April 16

At a mass meeting maintenance engineers and electricians employed in the offices of the London national newspapers decide to continue their strike

The Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen call on their members to strike at midnight on May 1 because of the rejection of a pay claim

The Soviet Foreign Ministry publishes a statement about 'military groupings in the Middle East'

The death is announced of Lord Kirkwood of Bearsden at the age of eighty-two; he was a Labour M.P. for twenty-nine years

Oxford beats Cambridge at athletics for the eighth year in succession

Sunday, April 17

The Austrian Chancellor says that the Austrian parliament will invite the Occupying Powers this month to send representatives to conclude a state treaty

The East German Minister of the Interior states that the People's Police is to be developed into 'the nucleus of an effective and militant army'

The Foreign Minister of Iraq denies Soviet statement that the Western Powers have put pressure on Arab states to join military alliances

A big fire destroys several miles of Ashdown forest in Sussex

Monday, April 18

British Transport Commission asks A.S.L.E.F. to reconsider its strike threat

Mr. Nagy, the Prime Minister of Hungary, is dismissed and denounced by his party

Mr. Attlee shortens lecture tour in Canada in view of coming election

Tuesday, April 19

In his Budget Chancellor of Exchequer announces reduction of 6d. in standard rate of income tax and increases in personal and children's allowances. Purchase tax on textile goods to be reduced

Agreement is reached to end newspaper strike at meeting between employers and unions

Executive of A.S.L.E.F. reaffirms decision to call strike on May 1

Prime Minister answers questions on 'top level' talks

Soviet Union proposes that a four-power conference shall meet in Vienna to conclude Austrian state treaty

Chinese Prime Minister makes statement of policy by Bandung conference

Problems of the Modern Novelist

By T. R. FYVEL

IN his book *Enemies of Promise*, which was published in the eventful summer of 1938, Mr. Cyril Connolly talked of the marked divergence of two literary styles of the day, 'literary mandarin' and 'vernacular'. Literary mandarin derived from Proust, James, Strachey, Joyce, Virginia Woolf—the term is obvious. But its opposite, literary vernacular, was something fresh and new. It was the style of novels written in colloquial English, containing no words which might not be used in common speech, and yet achieving a vivid literary effect. Commenting on this style in 1938, Mr. Connolly rather perspicaciously picked out Hemingway, Isherwood, and Orwell as outstanding vernacular novelists who had something strikingly in common. To these three, I personally would add Scott Fitzgerald.

Literary Vernacular, the Pre-war Vogue

In the inter-war years, literary vernacular had a fairly obvious vogue. It seemed in keeping with the spirit of the age by its violent break with the literary tradition. It had rather subtle associations with the talkies and current journalism. It drew on the new psychology and expressed (above all in Hemingway) the dumb emotions rather than the intellect. Even all this might not have made the vernacular novel quite such fashionable literature. But the vernacular novelists disposed of another important literary device. They thrust the experience of the main characters at the reader as if it were the author's own experience, and in each case the scene is described through the eyes of a narrator who mixes with the characters and yet remains sharply outside the action, so that he can lend the story a dimension of detachment. Hemingway's Lieutenant Henry, for example, takes part in the Italian rout at Caporetto and is wounded—but as an American he can always walk out of that particular war, and suddenly does so. Isherwood's Herr Issivoo, bland and detached, may mingle with Mr. Norris, Sally Bowles, Fritz, and the rest: the secret of his detachment—and hence his camera-eye view—is that he can always take that train home from Berlin. Orwell's double in *Down and Out* may half starve in the company of unemployed Parisian waiters and English tramps, but one knows that this compulsion is not quite real. At a given instant he can always utter the magic word, write a letter to friend or publisher, and be gone. And as for Scott Fitzgerald, in *The Great Gatsby*, Nick Carraway who relates the story and is, like Fitzgerald himself, a Midwesterner in New York, is continually beset by the thought that at any moment he will walk out and never again see all those rather sordid, rich New Yorkers.

By this device of detachment, Fitzgerald is able to let his narrator see New York, Long Island, and the Midwest in moments of lyrical vision. The story of *The Great Gatsby* is that of the wealthy and superficial Buchanans and of the celluloid dream of Jay Gatsby: but what really makes the novel live is the relationship between Carraway and a moment of dusty American violence, caught up and held fast, until the concluding reflection when Carraway stands at night on the shore of Long Island, next door to Gatsby's lawn. The tone of that well-known concluding passage may be a little self-conscious, yet the measure of Fitzgerald's skill lay in the ease with which he could pass from the dream of Jay Gatsby, a bootlegger who is shot, to the vision in the mind of the narrator.

I do not think that the success of novels with this device of a half-detached narrator was just an accident. Before 1914, English and American writers, by and large, had not questioned their own relationship to the society around them. But after the 1914-18 war, when so much of western society lay discredited, a heightened individual sensibility was the fashion. Now, it was the artist's individual attitude that mattered—his attitude towards the Soviet Revolution, towards the experimental film, towards Eliot and 'The Waste Land', or towards Mediterranean myth. In the 'twenties, creative experiment and exploration were met even in politics. It was an era when newspaper correspondents became intellectuals and in their books mingled autobiography and candid self-analysis with their political reports. On all sides there was new literary territory to be discovered—war, the workers, Paris

and Berlin, Wigan, the Spanish civil war. The function of the vernacular novelist was to let himself go with this exploratory trend, but to transmute it into literature through his individual sensibility. The material gathered might be ordinary enough, the style colloquial. The literary magic lay in the unique sensibility which could be expressed through the thoughts of the half-detached narrator, in the individual attitude which was revealed, and which seemed to stress in every line: 'This is I, Hemingway, looking at the Italian war; I, Isherwood, looking at Berlin; I, Fitzgerald, at rich Long Island; I, Orwell, showing you a Parisian slum or Wigan pier'.

This sort of novel, with its emphasis on the author's 'I' and on the contrast between this 'I' and a sharply observed social scene, has today almost vanished, both in Britain and America. Significantly enough, the intellectual war-correspondent's book has gone out with it. Writing today has become more impersonal. And when we look round, this is not surprising. More rapidly than most of us thought this would happen, the whole social background in which the vernacular novel flourished has vanished. Today, Orwell's 'Wigan pier' stands surrounded by the television acrias of a boom town. In Paris, in place of Hemingway's rather desperate American artists, you have American generals who look like American business men. *Time* and *Life*, air travel, and commercial television have seen to it that no Midwesterner could today come to New York as little used up, as fresh, as Fitzgerald. And Berlin and Herr Issivoo and their relationship—how insubstantial they have grown.

It is not easy to define the essence of this social change which we have witnessed since 1938. I think it lies not in the large facts which are most visible—the war itself, the camps, the bomb. The essence is this: that whatever level of society we look at, we find that social institutions are today more powerful, and the individual less so. As a result, in this more organised society of today, there seems less for the individual to discover; everything seems more stereotyped. Above all, the feeling that it matters what one individual person thinks on any one issue has been largely lost. This changed relation between social forces and the individual is something to which novelists of today must try to adjust themselves—and such adjustment is terribly difficult.

Here we have the problem with which contemporary novelists must struggle. As one would expect from the differences between the two countries, the problem is not the same in Britain as in America. To make a broad generalisation, American novelists seem too closely involved with their subject-matter to view it with literary detachment, while British writers appear rather too little involved with what goes on in England today—as if English present-day life ignored them.

American Tensions

The American literary problem seems basically one of style. Viewed from across the Atlantic, American novelists appear enviably supplied with material. The American scene has a fundamental ambivalence. Outwardly there is the enormous pressure on Americans to conform, to go to the same hotels and drive the same cars and utter the same opinions. Underneath, the American's tensions are still plainly violent. There are the clashes between religious and ethnic groups; the dark race drama of the South; reckless American individualism and the enormous corruption of American wealth. There is the American dream, and there is Hollywood. The drama is vast: the difficulty of the American novelist who tries to express it is that those American social pressures which make for conformity seem always with him. If they do not so much affect what he says, they decisively affect his manner of saying it.

You can see this most clearly in those large, colourful American war novels, such as James Jones' *From Here to Eternity* or Norman Mailer's *The Naked and the Dead*. What both Mailer and Jones write about are the violent underlying tensions of American life, which they clearly see and feel. But the way in which they write about these tensions is in the accepted, conformist American style. It is a style not of 'This is I', but rather 'This is Us'—this is the American

of life, described in the American way of writing'. This American way of writing makes for forceful, readable prose, but it is also not so far away from the language of journalism or advertising, and it is certainly affected by the desire of American publishers to meet the needs of magazine serialisation and the film industry. This is why these American 'best-sellers' can be so swiftly superseded by each other; the subject-matter of each may be different, but the individual viewpoint expressed is curiously the same—almost a collective viewpoint.

The constant pressure exerted by American magazine editors—even the best of them—also makes for this social conformity of style. Let me take an illustration from a book by Jean Stafford, one of the greatest American story writers. This book, *Children are Bored on Sundays*—mainly stories from *The New Yorker*—was recently published here, and deservedly praised. And yet, let me pick a brief passage from the title-story. In this story, the heroine does not know whether Eisenberg, a seedy New York intellectual, is a painter, a composer, or a writer. And Miss Stafford says of this:

When, on subsequent occasions, everything had pointed to his being a writer, she had relied altogether on circumstantial evidence and not on anything he had said or done. There was no reason that he had not looked upon her as the same sort of variable, and it made their anonymity to one another complete. Without the testimony of an impartial third person, neither she nor Eisenberg would ever know the other's actual trade. But his speciality did not matter, for his larger designation was that of 'the intellectual'.

What a metallic sound the phrases have: 'subsequent occasion . . . circumstantial evidence . . . the same sort of variable . . . testimony of an impartial third person . . . his larger designation . . .'. In the passage I have read Miss Stafford makes a subtle point. But she does so in a style which is already rather like that of a sociologist who is describing one of countless American case histories. Once again we can feel the pressure of social conformism, that enemy of literature. In England we have rather the opposite situation. Sensitivity of style is not a main literary problem. Nor is there great social pressure towards conformity. On the contrary; most English writers would probably agree that their trouble lies in not having strong feelings about the new English social scene of today. The old English upper-middle-class values against which most English novelists set their characters have suddenly been transformed. And the trouble about the new English life, from a novelist's point of view, is that it seems to have so few real tensions, whether in politics or the arts. So it is hard for a writer to have a clear-cut attitude: yet without it creative literary effort tends to dissipate itself.

I have been reading a novel which illustrates this point. The author, Mr. J. D. Scott, is an accomplished post-war novelist. In his last novel, *The End of an Old Song*, the central character is a neurotic careerist whose rise takes him from a Lowlands village into the new Anglo-American ruling class of today—the theme is well up to date. Using the device of first person narration, Mr. Scott already in his opening lines appears to establish that special, individual relationship between narrator and scene which could give an extra dimension to

a vernacular novel. He opens with a striking picture of Edinburgh:

As the taxi turned out of the station a flood of watery sunshine poured erratically through the high, racing storm clouds and caught the line of the buildings ahead. They were tall stone buildings, with hard black edges. Behind, on my right, I caught a glimpse of the flash and glitter of moving traffic. Something, some eagerness, made me open the window, and the sudden icy wind brought tears to my eyes.

The opening (reminiscent in some of its rhythms of Fitzgerald) gives promise of a novel lit up by the lyrical sensibility of the narrator. In fact, little of the sort happens. Almost from the start, Mr. Scott's story loses cohesion. Edinburgh is never again seen so sharply. The narrator loses his identity, to become mere voice. Alistair Kerr and his career remain unconvincing; the novel lapses into familiar stock—the old country house, the eccentric laird. . . . The root of the trouble is, I feel, that Mr. Scott has as yet no clear-cut attitude towards this new British society with its bureaucratic ruling class—no feelings as clear-cut as the luminous love and hate with which Fitzgerald regarded his rich New Yorkers.

This deficiency is shared by most English post-war novelists. It is not by chance that we have had such a spate of literary autobiography, or of novels going back longingly into the recent past, like Anthony Powell's *A Question of Upbringing*. For in this past there are still the old social values to be found, so that one can also push one's attitude towards society back into a comforting past. And yet, if a writer has not got some fairly definite attitude to the life of his own time, what he writes about—the past or future—will also lack reality. The reason why Mr. Powell's post-war novel of the 'twenties falls away into vagueness is that in the end he seems without a clear standpoint about the decline of the society he describes.

The fashionable vernacular novelist of yesterday depended for his impact so much on the direct expression of an intensely personal attitude to events, and the disappearance of this novel seems to reflect an awareness that some profound social change has taken place. In the more organised society we now live in most of us feel the individual has grown smaller. This change obviously demands readjustment from the novelists of today. The critic's task is not so much to deplore shortcomings as to keep a sharp eye on ways in which the challenge is being met. For example, what I liked about Saul Bellows' *Adventures of Augie March*, was its gay experimental quality, as if the author had said, 'Will this do as an attempt at the new American novel?' Again, I think it is the merit of the so-called 'provincial' English novelists of today that they have at least tried to reflect a contemporary situation and a contemporary mood. Or again, this mood may bring Orwellian satire to the fore. One cannot tell; but what I do feel is that critics should remember that the novelists face a genuine problem. We all try to understand the world we live in, but good novelists must strive for such understanding with unremitting passion. Mr. Lionel Trilling once said that the greatness of the novel lay in its work of involving the reader in the moral life. If we look at what goes on around us today, we can see both how difficult this work has become—and how necessary.—*Third Programme*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Leaving School Early

Sir,—Many things in his letter in THE LISTENER of April 14 show that Mr. Hughes writes from knowledge. But, like Miss Skippings, he is more interested in what the secondary modern school may become than in what it has been. He hopes, in fact, that this school will achieve a new form of education.

What form?

He wishes the school to seek a 'genuine educational goal'; and this appears to be 'an integrated, meaningful vision of life'—a 'sense of meaning and purpose in life'. Without discussing whether such a vision of life can be obtained except through years of adult inner struggle, we may suppose Mr. Hughes to mean

that the school should enable its pupils at least to start such a development.

Does Mr. Hughes, contemplating the realities of the secondary modern school, see a practical path that can possibly lead anywhere near his goal? But his defence of the secondary modern school falls to the ground if there is no such path.

Mr. Hughes knows what the cinemas are, and the displays on every bookstall; he knows what many young men in the Forces read, and how many of them behave in their leisure and in public places; his friends may have told him the sort of workmanship and attitude they have been offered by some (not all) of the people who have built their houses; I will not lengthen the

list. It is obvious what many of the public have become either in spite, or because, of the education they have received. If *in spite*, their education has not succeeded; if *because*, it was misconceived.

A school inevitably reflects its teachers, parents, and governors; in a word, the adult society it represents. How on earth can Mr. Hughes suppose that a plebeian and barbarous society can ever, through its schools, achieve the goal he names? So various are the pupils, parents, teachers and governors of English schools, that generalisations are difficult. There are, for instance, among the teachers in secondary modern schools, some very remarkable and admirable men and women; but how



What would grandfather say, Mr. Horsefall?

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deply and perhaps unsuitably are the training illeges now obliged to cast their nets in order supply the number of teachers the schools quire!

Mr. Hughes himself says that in order to ucate we must, as parents, teachers, and ployers, attain a regenerated religion. Indeed s! But pious hopes take us nowhere. Does r. Hughes seriously think there is the slightest ssibility that parents, teachers, or employers, any large number, will attain it?

No, no!

A school cannot give a culture that the achers, parents, and governors do not them- ives possess; and the teachers, parents, and vernors qualified to satisfy Mr. Hughes are inority. Moreover, the teachers are employees, ot free professional people, for there is no such ing at present as a teaching profession.

To protests against some of these remarks, reply in advance that it is a question of what andard one takes; it is easy to quarrel un- easantly when we are really talking of different ings; and I have tried to take the standard at, it seems to me, is demanded by the jective Mr. Hughes sets his schools.

Since Mr. Hughes and Miss Skippings do ot so much defend the secondary modern hool of the past or present, as bid us expect eat things in the future, it is relevant to ask at grounds they can give us for taking their timistic view.

Mr. Hughes knows that the problem is not e of 'basic skills', 'specialisation', or the .C.E.; he knows it lies in the fact that the ajority of the children have an inadequate ver of paying attention and an inadequate riosity; and that this is largely because they ve not been awakened sufficiently to wonder, verence, and gratitude, or sufficiently shown m infancy what is true, beautiful, and good. How does he suggest that this problem can et, in a public system of schools reflecting e present sort of society?

Yours, etc.,

Durham

WILLIAM ILLINGWORTH

Sir,—May I strongly endorse Mr. Butler's ter (THE LISTENER, April 7) and in particular s reckoning that 'only 30 or 40 per cent. of e population is educable, in the scholastic ase, for more than the fourteenth year'—though should put the figure lower. Mr. Holt states n important fact, the Southampton authority's sssment that 'in five secondary modern hools 41 children ought to have been in ammar schools, whilst in four grammar hools there were 69 "misfits"'; but he misses e significance, drawing from it an opposite id, I think, wrong conclusion to support his gument that secondary modern schools con- in (and therefore should cater for) children for grammar schools. He does not give the ze of the Southampton schools, which would ll us the proportions of these figures; never- eless, it is the 69 misfits in four grammar hools that strike me as the more significant. I spect, too, that these were clearly anomalous es not including the 50 per cent. (or so) of rly leavers—who throw away the real fruits of rammar school education—such as Mr. utler mentions.

What is almost entirely lacking in the 'edu- ational system (except in Southampton itself, I lieve) is a means of transferring grammar hool misfits to a secondary modern school ere, more or less on the lines that Mr. Hughes suggests, they could receive an edu- ation both more suited to their interests and telligences (I do not speak derogatorily) and are to their earlier departure into working izenship, without the mainly scholastic em- asis which is natural and proper to the ammar school.

It seems widely recognised now that the eleven-plus selection is very fallible, and it is right that 'late developers' should be given more chances to transfer to a grammar school, where my short experience has found them unlikely material for brilliance, but industrious, eager to learn—and grateful. Markedly different are the forms which have degenerated to the lowest 'stream', having been selected by methods which essentially test slickness of mind rather than depth or staying power. Too often these boys believe their effort to be concluded with this first success and are the harder hit when it grows upon them, first, that the struggle has only just begun, second—again too often—that they are, in fact unequal to it. In a vicious spiral they coil down from dismay to despair and then to devilment and so become unteachable in grammar school terms, a deadly frustration for themselves and their teachers—and to the whole national system of education because they slow down progress, keep out children who could use their places to better advantage, and could themselves both profit and contribute in another kind of school.

I suggest that a probationary first year at grammar schools should be compulsory, and until the age of fourteen transfer should always be a possibility. Moreover, we have been so baited with the claim to 'parity of esteem' that it is obvious that no real caste could be considered lost by removal from a grammar to a secondary modern school.

I would like to support Mr. Butler's suggestion that the school-leaving age should again be fourteen, but I know as he does that no government would dare to be so progressive, all having conceded that progress lies in the opposite direction, upon the legend that there is such a thing as equality of intellect (the underlying and curious assumption of the 1944 Education Act). None the less, an advance could be made even here were some system of state apprenticeship, from fourteen, to be inaugurated, on similar lines to the national system of grants for 'further education'. Here something of real benefit could link education with the demands of industry in an age in which our national future depends increasingly on our technological initiative.

Yours, etc.,

London, S.E.21

DAVID HENSCHER

Sir,—Mr. Hughes agrees that certain secondary modern school children may be capable of taking the G.C.E., but goes on to say that it does not follow that it is desirable that they should do so. What is desirable, however, is that their ability should be developed to its fullest potential, and it is just this which his proposed introduction of primary school teaching methods into the senior school would prevent. Mr. Hughes, however, changes ground so rapidly that one has difficulty in keeping up with him. His earlier utterances had led Mr. Wilson, Miss Skippings, and myself to assume that he regarded the secondary modern school, specifically, as a failure. Now he tells us that he believes in the secondary modern school ('the experiment has not failed, it has hardly begun'), but he moves on to an indictment of the educational system as a whole. 'The whole problem of education', says Mr. Hughes, 'is a religious one', and only if we 'can regain our historic faith' shall we be able to 'really educate our children'. This is an extraordinary view, the more so when one considers that it evolved out of a discussion on 'Leaving School Early'. Presumably 'education' does not exist in countries where the system is secular? Mr. Hughes is looking back, instead of forward. We have lost our 'historic faith' and religion has ceased to be 'the whole problem of education' precisely because it has been unable to meet the challenge of events.

It is true that knowledge and education are not synonymous, but knowledge has, and ought to have, a far more important place in education than Mr. Hughes is prepared to allow, and it will have to receive even more attention than hitherto if we are to maintain ourselves in the world. It is a tragedy that so many who believe in faith see it as an alternative to knowledge, for by so doing their concern for the happiness of the individual degenerates into sentimentality.

On what is this happiness supposed to rest? The contemporary Englishman does not acquire 'an integrated, meaningful view of life' by the age of fifteen. He enters into his tradition gradually through books, music, and the visual arts; the theatre, cinema, sport, radio, and the like give reality to his leisure, and for all these he has to pay with money which he first has to earn; and all in turn depend on the maintenance of relatively high standards of living, based on full employment in a competitive world and a money economy. Nearly eighty per cent. of the creators of this economy will have passed through secondary modern schools.

It seems to me most obvious that the development of 'a body of knowledge' is essential if the individual is to participate in the social life and culture of his day and age, and if that culture is to be worth while.

Yours, etc.,

Headcorn

H. K. HOLT

Sir,—Mr. H. K. Holt states, in THE LISTENER of April 7, that the recent report on 'Early Leaving' produced by the Ministry of Education 'abandons the view that most children likely to profit by grammar school education can be picked out at eleven'. It is difficult to find anything in the report to justify Mr. Holt's statement. What it does say (in paragraph 35, page 14) is that 'the authorities' selection procedures differ in detail but they all provide data which enable a reasonable decision to be made as to which candidates should be admitted to grammar schools'.

The report admits (in paragraph 52) what we all know to be true, that 'not all late-developers can be picked out by the age of eleven' and to remedy that it suggests an extension of the system of 'transfers' at later ages.

All this, however, falls very far short of saying that most children cannot be picked out at eleven.

Yours, etc.,

Garforth

A. S. BENSTEAD

[This correspondence is now closed.—EDITOR, THE LISTENER]

The British Universities

Sir,—While Dr. Ashby's three talks on the problem of the university (THE LISTENER, March 10, 17, and 24) are both informative and provocative, and have many penetrating insights into university life in the U.S.A., there is one somewhat unaccountable error which should, I think, be corrected. He asserts (March 17):

In the United States the cult of research has gone to lengths which would have appalled even Helmholtz: for there a secondary school teacher is obliged to earn a Ph.D. degree as evidence that he has put a few more pebbles on the mountain of knowledge.

This gives a very erroneous impression both of the state of secondary schools in the U.S.A. and of the requirements for the teachers. In the American 'High School' (ages fourteen to eighteen years), while it is usually necessary to possess an A.B. (B.A.) from a recognised college or university, it is not necessary to possess any further degree. A few High School teachers have an M.A. but the number of those who possess Ph.D. degrees must be very few indeed. While the Ph.D. degree is the usual expectation for



PROGRESS IN ELECTRONICS

Despite its innumerable applications, the magnet is still popularly associated with its use as a navigational aid. This is perhaps not surprising when one considers that the earliest experiments in magnetism were connected with the compass and its use in navigation.

It is said that the Chinese were using a form of lodestone compass in B.C. 2637, but the experimental study of magnetic direction finding devices really began in A.D. 1000 and reached something of a milestone in the 16th century with the work of Dr. Gilbert, who was physician to Queen Elizabeth.

It is only within the last twenty years, however, that revolutionary advances have been made in navigational aids. Radar was, of course, the most important of these advances and it owed its successful development to the invention of an electronic tube known as a magnetron, and this device, in turn, depended for its efficiency upon the "Ticonal" permanent magnet—an alloy having great field strength, stability and uniformity.

Mullard's work in the field of magnetic materials has been particularly outstanding. In addition to "Ticonal" permanent magnets, two other materials now in quantity production are Magnadur, a non-metallic permanent magnet, and Ferroxcube, a non-metallic H.F. core material. These materials are contributing to important developments in other electronic applications such as television receivers and line communications equipment.

Progress in magnetic materials continues, and through this the future may well see developments of equal significance to those which have gone before.



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THE EDIBLE WORLD

by PODALIRIUS

When Mr. Chaplin peppers a daisy before consuming it, or Mr. (Harpo) Marx chews up a telephone with relish, I blush for my own lack of enterprise. Probably most of my environment is eatable, if I would only get my teeth into it. Perhaps if I had taken more pains with my chemistry I might at this moment be biting bits off the roof like Hansel and Gretel, or crunching coal as puppies and babies do. This idea is not as far-fetched as scoffers may suppose, for coal, that universal provider which already gives us heat, light and raiment, now looks like serving us with edible fats as well; and it can only be a matter of time before the chemists offer us bread from a stone.

Minerals apart, there are many members of the animal and vegetable kingdoms which never reach British dining tables, though they would in fact repay the attention of a thoughtful cook. I am not speaking merely of the frogs and snails of France, or the puppies and birds' nests of China, though these bear witness to resourceful spirits in the past. We have been familiar with them too long, however, to regard them as anything more than a foreign counterpart of ham and eggs. But there are other delights of which we have heard less, though they have recently been the subject of debate by nutritionists. Spiders, it seems, make an agreeable dish, especially the so-called "bird-eating spiders," which when toasted taste of marrow-bone. Boiled locusts, with or without wild honey, seem to be more nutritious than most of us have supposed; though the flavour, one fancies, like that of the snark, must be meagre and hollow, though crisp.

As for vegetables, most of us have yet to try grass, green algae, and seaweed; and there are all those toadstools which the Briton avoids, distrusting—probably rightly—his ability to distinguish the three poisonous types from the rest of the tribe. There is also plankton, which members of the Kon-Tiki expedition tried as soup; but even that open-minded sextet was sharply divided on its charms. Grass contains quite a lot of protein; but in order to down enough of it in its natural form, you might, I suppose, have to spend a deal of time at the manger. Perhaps on the whole it is better to let the animals do the eating, and to stick to grass in the form of good roast beef. As for seaweed, the Welsh of course have eaten it for years as laver bread; and here again opinions differ. Some say it tastes like oysters, and some say oysters always make them sick.

Still, you can say this for seaweed: it contains protein, fats, mineral salts, iodine in a convenient form for use by the thyroid gland, and plenty of vitamins; and there is a wreath of it round these islands. So what with that and the spiders (who have been breaking all records for size) any good housewife should be able to knock up a nutritious and *recherché* little meal for an unwelcome guest.

Those who prefer to stick to the less adventurous diets which most people enjoyably follow—even tho' these may be poorer sometimes in nutrients essential for growth and health—can take comfort from the nutritional insurance that Bemax provides. As all doctors know, Bemax is stabilised wheat germ—the richest natural vitamin-protein-mineral supplement. Usually they recommend that it be taken daily—at breakfast. If you enjoy Podalirius' essays ask for a copy of "The Prosings of Podalirius." Send p.c. to address below.

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those wishing to teach in colleges and universities, it is not a universal requirement. Dr. Ashby's remark might unintentionally lead one to overvalue the level of the High School student and teacher in the U.S.A., and possibly to undervalue the worth of a Ph.D. degree in one of the major American universities.

Those who are scholars in the field of English literature will know of the real worth of the contributions of many American scholars in this field. Those who are scholars in the field of theology and church history will know that the best literature on English Puritanism has been produced by American scholars, and in some volume. I only mention the Social Sciences. Those who have had experience of British university life and have also had the privilege of graduate study in the States can speak with profound gratitude of the latter. In the Theological Schools of the University of Chicago, at least, it has not been possible, for some years past, to obtain a Ph.D. degree by putting 'a few more pebbles on the mountain of knowledge'. The prerequisite for thesis research has been the passing of a number of quite stringent examinations in a number of different fields. Those who have sought to 'put a few more pebbles on the mountain of knowledge', have not found too much favour with the examiners.

Many of Dr. Ashby's criticisms are just, but they do not recognise fully the worth, nor the very real problems, of the American Ph.D. degree and university life today. Conditions in the nineteen-twenties and early nineteen-thirties and Mr. Flexner's book are very poor guides, which, it would appear, Dr. Ashby has not wholly discarded.

Yours, etc.,
W. S. MORRIS

Chicago, Ill.

The New Reader

Sir,—Mr. John Brophy (THE LISTENER, April 7) challenges Mr. Reginald Pound's statement that the sale of 'fiction is down: biography, travel, and adventure are up'. Mr. Brophy should consult booksellers, the majority of whom would, I am sure, confirm my experience as a publisher of both novels and general books. For some time, and especially in the past year, fiction sales have dropped and the demand for non-fiction, particularly for stories of personal adventure, has increased.

Mr. Brophy is not the first to be misled by statistics. The number of new novels published is no guide to sales, nor does the figure indicate publishers' confidence in the saleability of fiction. Some novels do sell uncommonly well, even

today, but the large majority show little or no profit, as any experienced publisher knows. The truth is that more writers are producing fiction than anything else: while many publishers are obliged to gamble on new novels in order to maintain their output and in the hope that the authors will one day become profitable. A novelist usually has several failures before he finds a rewarding public; and many novelists never justify their publishers' hopes.

I agree with Mr. Brophy that reviews of novels are inadequate, but suspect that literary editors are well aware of the present-day preference of readers for non-fiction. It is not surprising that reviews should reflect this change in public taste. The trend is not confined to the home market: general books now have a relatively better sale than novels in overseas territories where television does not operate.

Yours, etc.,
MICHAEL JOSEPH

London, W.C.1

A Failed Masterpiece

Sir,—Mr. L. P. Hartley says, in THE LISTENER of April 14, it is a mystery why T. E. Lawrence, when he seemed to have the world at his feet, joined up. I suggest he went into the R.A.F. to write a classic masterpiece about it. The subject was most attractive and as a recruit he started making careful notes every night, presumably because he wanted to avoid the vagueness marring at some points *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*. What a pity, after Lawrence's heroic service in the desert, *The Mint* turned out not a classic masterpiece but a saddening self-picture of a man with tortured nerves.

Yours, etc.,
LINTON ANDREWS

Leeds, 1

Sir,—It is a pity that a writer of Mr. L. P. Hartley's calibre should have an impression of T. E. Lawrence as a blue-eyed, girlish-looking person. That hardly conforms with the man who organised and led the tough Bedouin to form Allenby's right wing and capture Damascus—all of which is on public record, independently of T.E.L.'s own reporting.

As to his 'untruthfulness', when I was with him at Oxford he used to tell his scrupulous brother that it was I who held roof-climbing records and went on other excursions by night. That was untrue—but very typical of his love of fun. There is also Robert Graves' story of Lawrence announcing himself and a brother officer at a Paris reception, during the armistice talks, as Messieurs Lenin and Trotsky, for the

footmen to call out loudly all up the stairs. That wasn't true either.

He went into the Air Force to get freedom to write a masterpiece while enjoying the company of superb engines and the youngsters who found him irresistible (as we all did who knew him well). As to that 'real book' which he hoped would succeed where the great *Seven Pillars* had failed (e.g., see how the ambitious, purple opening page is marred by tawdry ornament), he got his material, in full, at Uxbridge in a gruelling recruit course he had not counted on. He wrote it all up—and marred it again with preciousities like 'vile scrapery of hobnails' and the swear-words and so on. *The Mint* was indeed a 'failed masterpiece'.

Yet if Mr. Hartley had known him longer he would, like all the others who became his friends, have found in him a noble integrity and inspiration that showed his naive self-drama for the trivial matter it was.—Yours, etc.,

Tadworth VYVYAN RICHARDS

The Coming Arms Race in Germany

Sir,—The victory of Hermann may be described as 'liberating the Germany of that time from Roman domination'. It may also be said to have had the consequence that Germany did not receive that basic training in the principles of law and of civilised behaviour given to the rest of the western world by the *Pax Romana*. To these principles throughout her history she has been allergic. Whether the Hermann monument was an object of veneration is less important than the fact that Hermann, and the rejection of western values that he stood for, was an important figure in the creed of nazism. The present struggle over Germany is, essentially, between those who would lead her into those western modes of thought and behaviour for which Varus stood and those who prefer the oriental practices of Attila.

Yours, etc.,
E. M. HUGH-JONES

Oxford

Pakistan: a Land of Contrasts

Sir,—May I ask, since when did Pakistan have a common boundary with Russia, as stated in the talk, 'Pakistan: A Land of Contrasts' (THE LISTENER, April 14)? Surely, the buffer strip of Afghanistan in Wakhan was created for the express purpose of keeping Russia at a little distance from previously British-held territories, though admittedly it is only some twenty-five miles wide.—Yours, etc.,

Street A. W. JOHNSON

The Carpenter

With a jack plane in his hands
My father the carpenter
Massaged the wafering wood,
Making it white and true.

He was skilful with his saws,
Handsaw, bowsaw, hacksaw,
And rip-saw with fishes' teeth
That chewed a plank in a second.

He was fond of silver bits,
The twist and countersink—
And the auger in its pit
Chuckling shavings over its shoulder.

I remember my father's hands,
For they were supple and strong
With fingers that were lovers—
Sensuous strokers of wood:

He fondled the oak, the strong-man
Who holds above his head
A record-breaking lift
Of thick commingled boughs;

And he touched with his finger tips
Dark boards of elm and alder,
Spruce, and cherry for lathes
That turned all days to spring.

My father's hands were tender
Upon my tender head,
But they were massive on massive
Beam for building a house,

And delicate on the box wood
Leaning against the wall
As though placed there in a corner
For a moment and then forgotten,

And expert as they decoded
Archives unlocked by the axe—
The pretty medullary rays
Once jammed with a traffic of food

To a watched and desired tree
That he marked and felled in the winter,
The tracks of tractors smashing
The ground where violets grew,

Then bound in chains and dragged
To the slaughtering circular saw:
A railway dulcimer
Rang the passing bell

Of my father's loved ones,
Though there was no grief in him
Caressing the slim wood, hearing
A robin's piccolo song.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

Art

Round the London Galleries

By QUENTIN BELL

WORKS acquired by the Walker Art Gallery during the last ten years are now to be seen at Agnew's; they make an impressive exhibition. Liverpool business firms have set an example to the rest of the country by purchasing works of art and giving them to their city. Their money has been well spent.

The room devoted to the old masters—the exhibition is divided into two halves—is, as one may say, dominated by a large Murillo, a madonna firmly and not too sentimentally painted airborne by a flight of *putti*. This is a pleasant enough work, but the best of these paintings are, I think, two portraits, one by Gainsborough and one by Van Dyck. The Van Dyck, a portrait of the Infanta Isabella is, in effect, a translation of a Rubens. The pupil has, for once, been worthy of his master. The face of the grim old lady is rendered with great conviction, her hands, set against a nun's habit, are painted with truthful solidity and their silvery carnations harmonise perfectly with the greyish whites, dark greys and pale greys of the dress. The Gainsborough portrait of Sir Robert Clayton has been built upon the happy disposition of a black three-cornered hat held negligently in one hand against a mustard yellow suit, while the sitter leans forward slightly upon his cane; from this focal point the lines of the figure bend upwards to meet at the urbane speculative face and to make a perfectly convincing and satisfying design.

There are other pictures in this room which deserve attention: two paintings by Stubbs, two Ramsays, a good portrait by Lawrence, a lively sketch by Solimena, and a Paulus Bor which, though unpleasant in conception and, I think, badly cut, has certain passages of great delicacy and intelligence.

Downstairs are the moderns, that is to say the artists of the twentieth century: a sensitive, ghostly painting of a skull by Victor Pasmore, a poetical Innes, Dunlop at his most substantial and satisfactory, working really hard at a landscape, a romantic painting by Paul Nash, a charming seascape by Robert Medley, an Ivon Hitchens. . . . Here too is McEvoy's portrait of his mother, rather unkindly hung between a splendid Gilman of the period in which that artist was just beginning to feel the influence of Gauguin and Van Gogh, and a Sickert—one of his best studies of the 'gods' at the Old Bedford. The contrast between the brilliancy of Sickert and that of McEvoy is instinctive: McEvoy has made a bold and brilliant attack and yet never reaches an objective. His ingenuities lie upon the surface and add up to nothing, Sickert's are so completely involved in his design as to be, at first sight, unnoticeable and yet the picture is full of swift felicities, of loving dexterities in which a sable brush has served to place just those accents that are needed to render the effect of dusty gilding and to give each gallery boy his own individual character. Here, side by side, we have a painter working for effects and a painter using them. Nearby there is a Spencer Gore,

a purely impressionist work of the greatest beauty. Also Mr. I. Freud's 'Paddington Interior', a work which, whether one likes it or not, cannot be passed over in silence. It is, in a sense, a gothic work, a dry, accurate account of a man in a mackintosh alone with a strange cactus: many readers will remember it in the Arts Council Exhibition of big pictures and will have been impressed by the fantastic honesty

with which every fold and crumple of the mackintosh, every leaf and desiccated fibre of the cactus have been rendered. Here indeed we have a scrupulous, but not a loving attention to detail—and it is in this that Mr. Freud parts company from the great northern masters: there is no hint of affection, no sensual delight in the irregularity of form and texture, the minutiae of life are recorded with the listless accuracy of a sensitised plate. The effect is one of such crashing boredom as to be almost dramatic, and for this reason Mr. Freud's method may be considered a valid way of producing a work of art; but it is one which arouses admiration rather than enthusiasm.

The small exhibition of Vuillard at Wildenstein's shows a method exactly opposite to that of Mr. Freud, the method of a painter who is, very frequently, content with half-uttered statement concerning his delight in the phenomena of nature. His sensibilities are so acute that he can respond to almost anything, a leaf, a girl hidden by a book she is reading, the gleam of an electric light upon a hidden chair cover. He can even tackle subjects which for most reputable modern painters are taboo and which the very young would blush to mention, as when he portrays a radiantly and obviously prepubescent blonde in an impossibly small evening gown, her pretty pink face set against raspberry red curtains, her lacy skirts billowing among



'Caryatide', by Modigliani: from the exhibition at Arthur Tooth and Sons

acid green and orange cushions.

With M. Guerrier, whose work is showing at the Redfern Gallery, we are safe from such improprieties; he paints nothing prettier than fish, apples, and landscapes and bows to the conventions by seeking inspiration amongst the more squalid Parisian streets, the butcher's shop and the poulterer's. He paints very well, but I think that it is only 'La Fenêtre de l'Atelier' that he seems to have become really profoundly interested in every part of his picture.

A mixed show entitled 'Paris-Londres' at Arthur Tooth and Sons well worth a visit; so, too, are the intimate sketches of Foujita and the conceptual water colours of Sugai, Japanese artists who are showing at the St. George's Gallery. At the Mayor Gallery are some tenuous lyrical paintings by Ciyet.

Two of the latest additions to the World's Classics (Oxford University Press, 6s. each) are *The Odyssey of Homer*, translated from the Greek by T. E. Shaw (Lawrence of Arabia) with an introduction by Sir Maurice Bowra; and *Father Brown, Selected Stories* by G. K. Chesterton, with introduction by Ronald Knox.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Atomic Weapons and Armies. By Lieut.

Colonel F. O. Miksche. Faber. 25s.

MANY MORE PEOPLE talk and write about the hydrogen bomb than about the tactical atomic weapons now coming into use. The former subject is the more vital and, shocking though it is, is the merit of relative simplicity. A considerable amount of information about the effects of the H-bomb has been published; for the rest, no special knowledge is needed. The use of tactical atomic weapons, on the contrary, demands a great deal of tactical knowledge, and in this country tactics are rarely discussed in the press. Colonel Miksche has boldly undertaken this subject. He writes also of bigger weapons—and does not always differentiate clearly enough between the two—but the value of his book lies in its study of the role of the smaller with armies.

It is fourteen years since this former officer of the Czechoslovak army published *Blitzkrieg*, a brilliant book, though he would qualify much of its doctrine today. *Paratroops* was as good in its day: it contained, among other features, that fantastically prophetic map of airborne landings in Lower Normandy, which General Marshall brought over here in his brief-case as gingerly though it had been an infernal machine. Other books have made less impact upon the public, but all possessed merit. The present one is more technical than any. But military technicians read a great deal today. Many will read his book—all ought to. Colonel Miksche is one of the rare military writers with original minds.

In his treatment of his present subject he starts with a long discussion of the trend of tactics during and since the first world war. This is far from being the best part of the book; its strength does not lie on the historical side. The preliminary examination is, however, necessary, and it brings out the oscillation in the power of attack and defence, in mobile and stagnant influences in warfare. It is when he comes down to the brass tacks of atomic weapons and armies that his work is so remarkable. His main thesis is that, whereas the signs point to static tendencies in this form of warfare, the present doctrine of the west, notably that of the United States and Britain, is based on a contrary belief. Most admirable of all is his choice of the more difficult but more profitable method of approach. He ventures to prophesy in detail instead of generalising. Even those who do not accept his conclusions will find them interesting and provocative of thought.

It may well be that he is incorrect in finding so deep an opposition between his theories and that has been called the 'New Look' in war. In principle at all events, the military thinkers of the west are agreed with him that armies of the future must be simplified and shorn of the redundant. How far they can go on these lines remains to be seen. Colonel Miksche does not seem to take sufficient account of the fact that the forces of highly civilised countries cannot safely be pruned to the standard of those of Soviet Russia, still less of Communist China. They certainly have become clogged with essentials, and this has become generally recognised. They can be toughened to a greater extent than they have hitherto. Yet they cannot be cut down in transport or indeed in so-called luxuries to the bare state of the troops of peoples either still primitive or—as in the case of Russian townsmen—living a hard life in a ferocious climate and for the most part only one generation away from the harsh existence of the peasant. If they were, they would lose their power to endure, especially in winter warfare.

Certain products of imagination not harnessed to the practical are blown away in these pages. Because, for example, helicopters are likely to be found indispensable in land warfare, it does not follow that whole formations can be carried by them; they will not suffice for the men, let alone the equipment. Easy talk of the necessity of camouflage disguises the difficulty—in some cases the sheer impossibility—of thoroughly concealing heavy equipment and chains of vehicles. It may not be difficult in wooded country, but where woods appear only in patches they are more likely to prove death-traps than refuges. The old British dream of doing away with the use of man-power on a big scale is no nearer realisation than in 1914 or 1939. 'It is a mistake to consider the strength of any unit in terms of fire-power exclusively. Fire-power is only of real value when linked to the capacity of physical occupation'. That last 'of', by the way, stands for one of the remnants of an old weakness: there is still a suggestion of translation from some mid-European language, though this has largely been eradicated.

Renaissance Diplomacy. By Garrett Mattingly. Cape. 25s.

Here at last is a book on the Renaissance which is not disfigured by purple passages and a grandiloquent and, in terms of contemporary thought, slightly suspect moral tone. Here, instead, is a historian's matching of fact and theory in a fusion of imaginative scholarship and strict historical impartiality. Carefully, shrewdly and succinctly the relevant facts are weighed, sifted, and the conclusions, which they prompt, carefully drawn with an observant eye on the relevant sources. Its main virtue is its honesty and avoidance of cheap and turgid rhetorical effects and flourishes.

Two notions that have been prevalent in England since the Elizabethan and Jacobean dramatists drew on the court and diplomatic life of Italy and, in general, Catholic Europe for their raw material for *Chronicles of Blood* and *Tragedies of Revenge*, are known, familiarly, under the categories of 'Machiavellianism' and 'The Italianate Englishman'. The second is an application of the first to the situation and circumstances of English politics; generally, the root of both concepts is the idea that Italian diplomacy and statecraft drained politics of their moral and spiritual content, and built on the basis of self-interest a complex structure of intrigue, conspiracy and, if necessary, even crime.

The whole of this conventionalised and somewhat naive type of thinking receives a salutary cold douche in the absorbingly interesting chapter, 'Duties of a Resident Ambassador'. Even more illuminating are two ideas prompted by this scholarly book: one, that Florence held in the tortuous balance of the Italian city-states something of the place of England in the comity of European powers in the nineteenth century—both its welfare and prestige depended on the maintenance, an almost infinitely complex task, of a balance of power; two, that the inextricable confusion of piety and bluff was such that, in negotiations and treaties, the plethora of appeals to the Scriptures or Divine Guidance may even, in a Ferdinand of Aragon, have not been entirely hypocritical, but have harked back to a medieval world-view of God as directing all human affairs according to eternal and unalterable laws.

The fine chapter, 'Law among the Nations', contains, perhaps, the most distinguished and

original thinking of the book; how excellent and true is such a statement as: 'Conspiracy, assassination, corruption, and chicane are not... contrary to popular belief... among the ordinary tools of fifteenth-century Italian diplomacy. Such methods then, as since, were sometimes, though not often employed by governments to score a temporary success'. Not that this book does not show the shadier aspects of diplomacy in the activities of such a diplomat and conspirator as Alfonso de la Cueva, Spanish Ambassador to Venice. The real fault of the diplomacy of the Renaissance lay in the concept of policy as a science, which, divorced from the facts of human life and history, could operate according to determinable laws of strategy and tactics, theoretically at any rate. If the Renaissance developed such diplomatic techniques as the despatch and the courier service, its strategy was confined to a small part of the world, and was, in fact, the product of its own narrow and exclusive limitations. As Garrett Mattingly so shrewdly says: 'The next significant effort to achieve the rule of law among nations could not confine itself to the heirs of a single tradition; it would have to embrace mankind'.

Women of the Streets

Edited by C. H. Rolph.

Secker and Warburg. 21s.

One of the most irritating aspects of the work of the social scientist is the fact that the people who know the answers to many of his questions are inaccessible. The financier, the politician, and the prostitute know their respective businesses, but none of them is interested in making his or her activities the subject-matter of scientific enquiry. With financier and politician direct approach is practically out of the question; with the prostitute it is rather different, but by no means easy. The author of the report edited by Mr. Rolph interviewed 69 prostitutes, 22 of whom she met at the Magistrates' Courts when they went to pay their fines. In addition she compared the statistics of prostitution in London for the years 1946 and 1949, and made a more detailed analysis of the cases of 150 prostitutes charged with soliciting in the latter year, the year preceding her investigation.

From the records we learn that there were 1,268 prostitutes in the Metropolitan Police Area in 1949, mostly working in Hyde Park, the West End, and Paddington. The sample indicates that of the 150 no fewer than 84 (56 per cent.) were never convicted for anything other than soliciting, and that only 17 (11.3 per cent) had been dealt with as juveniles, so that the notion that prostitutes are graduates from the juvenile courts needs revision. It may be remarked in passing that the selected case histories, derived from the field work, give a somewhat different impression, but that is probably due to the particular choice of cases for publication.

Naturally the most interesting part of the book is the part which deals with the material gleaned from the women themselves. There is no pretence whatever that 69 cases give us a basis for generalisation. At the same time we get a good deal of valuable information from them. In Mayfair they may earn from £60 to £100 a week, but 'outside the West End and Victoria I think few will make more than £20 to £25 a week regularly, and many £10 to £15'. In spite of the capital costs of their profession, they can earn more than they could in other occupations. There are, however, other occupations, as the writer of the report reminds us, so that: 'Today

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here is no need for "rescue" work; few, if any, prostitutes are prostitutes through dire necessity, few, if any, are coerced by male exploiters. As to the 'male exploiters', the ponces, they have a most illuminating chapter to themselves. Many of them are criminals, almost all seem to be what one might call 'haphazard'. They are flash', violent, gay, and disorganised. This, it is suggested, is their appeal. The impression conveyed is that most prostitutes drift into their profession because they don't fit in anywhere else. They like their independence, they want the money, they don't like settling down, yet many of them like some sort of base, which is often provided by the ponce. In a curious way they form a society of their own; 'There is a feeling of belonging to a corps', we are told.

A depressing feature of the whole business is that on the whole they don't really like their jobs. They despise their clients, and their clients despise them, each projecting guilt on to the other. They are in a situation in which normally the participants have some regard to each other's ends, in the Kantian sense; but for them both parties regard each other merely as means. This is hardly a satisfactory basis for intimacy.

When it comes to the question: what ought to be done about it, if anything? the answer is hard to find. Certainly this periodic nipping into and out of the Magistrates' Courts is absurd. The girls accept it, it is true, and do not resent when the policeman comes up and says: 'Your turn tonight'. It means, of course, extra work to get the money for the fine, but it is just an occupational hazard. In 1951 a deputation including the Bishop of London suggested to Mr. Chuter Ede that the maximum fine should be raised from £2 to £50, but it is doubtful whether such a savage penalty would be effective—it certainly would not be reformative. The question: what harm do they do? is so delicate to be pursued, but the fact seems to be that while there are men about who are either too neurotic to have satisfactory sexual intercourse with their wives, or who are otherwise deprived of sexual satisfaction, there will be clients, and while there are 'displaced' women about there will be prostitutes to cater for them. This seems to be the conclusion to be drawn from this excellent report, the detached air of which one hopes will be conveyed to its readers.

Qataban and Sheba. By Wendell Phillips. Gollancz. 21s.

We read in the Book of Kings that the Queen of Sheba came to Jerusalem in the days of King Solomon 'with a great train, with camels that bore spices, and very much gold, and precious stones', and the wealth of the fortunate Arabs and the unconquered Kings of Sabaea were still bywords in the Rome of Horace. Yet of this ancient civilisation in the land of frankincense and spices comparatively little is known, although thousands of inscriptions have been read, and the imposing ruins of great cities have been seen by adventurous explorers. Hadhramaut has become accessible to the archaeologist in our own time under the British peace, but the greatest prizes are to be sought in Yemen, where foreigners are viewed with jealous suspicion. Dr. Wendell Phillips, the originator and first president of the American Foundation for the Study of Man, took up the challenge with the zest and audacity of youth, and the generosity of American business magnates enabled him to organise archaeological work under the guidance of distinguished scholars and with equipment designed on a fantastically lavish scale. Refrigerators and deep freezing plant, hospital units, and fleets of motor vehicles were transported to Arabia, and extensive use was made of aircraft for survey and travel.

The work of two seasons at Beihan in Hadhramaut yielded impressive results 'enough to fill the large volumes which will soon be issued by the Johns Hopkins University Press'. Happy relations were established with the Arabs, and Dr. Phillips was made a sheikh of the Bal Harith tribe, as well as a Counsellor of the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. For the next campaign permission was obtained from the King of Yemen to excavate at Marib, the most coveted site of all. The prospect of excavating the reputed capital of the Queen of Sheba left the explorer speechless with joy, but little did he realise the tortuous ways of the Mutawakkilite Kingdom. The king's promises proved of little avail in regions where his writ did not run; and at Marib the explorers were subjected by the local authorities to every form of chicanery which oriental guile could devise. Temples and statues and inscriptions abounded, but the work was thwarted at every step under specious pretexts, and in the end it appeared that the expedition was in imminent danger of massacre. Dr. Phillips made the heart-breaking decision to abandon priceless archaeological finds and equipment worth tens of thousands of pounds, and to fly to safety in two lorries which just held every member of the team. The government of Yemen have issued their own unconvincing version of the affair, but we are told of no further repercussions to the outrage committed on the soil of a member-state of the United Nations. Dr. Phillips' vivid narrative makes a notable addition to the literature of adventure in travel and archaeological research. The photographs are of exceptional excellence.

The Nightfishing. By W. S. Graham.

Faber. 10s. 6d.

A Shot in the Park. By William Plomer.

Cape. 7s. 6d.

'The Nightfishing', the long title-poem in Mr. Graham's new volume, has something of the serious, shared, visionary quality of the best documentaries, in which man's work is exactly observed and its purpose deeply felt:

The last net's gone and we make fast
And cut the motor. The corks in a gentle wake,
Over curtains of water, tether us stopped, lapped
At far last still.

It is us no more moving, only the mere
Maintaining levels as they mingle together.
Now round the boat, drifting its drowning curtains
A grey of light begins. These words take place.
The petrel dips at the water-fats. And quietly
The stillness makes its way to its ultimate home.
The bilges slap. Gulls wail and settle.
It is us still.

The language is strangely spaced and stressed yet intimately connected: the smallest words, responding with fresh power to a craftsman's unspoiled respect, bear, like the strands of a net, the strength and strain of the whole. The vision is enmeshed, not a matter of accidental gleams but of the steady persistence of the seaman's eye and of the sea itself, so that the 'catch', once sighted, is not let go. 'The illuminations of innocence embrace'. The nightfishing symbolises man's struggle to defeat isolation: articulation alone, as many poets know to their cost, is not enough, for 'each word speaks its own speaker to his death'. So loneliness is 'bragged into a voyage on the maintaining image'; the poet, by losing himself in, becomes identified with, his experience and with the experience of all who will take the same path at another time: but in the poem all is always now.

I uttered that place
And left each word I was . . .
Now he who takes my place continually anew
Speaks me thoroughly perished into another.

The seven 'Letters' which follow the title

poem form a series of commentaries on the themes and relationships suggested by the longer work.

See.

This night moves and this language
Moves over slightly
To meet another's need
Or make another's need.

It is astonishing what moral force and emotional power Mr. Graham can pack into such simplicities: there are many passages in this book which ought to be the envy of our smooth metropolitan academicians. These spare, sea-dominated statements do not claim too much, but their claim is absolute. Already, probably, in some American university hundreds of miles from the sea, an associate professor is sharpening his thesis-pencil. Meanwhile, lovers—and despairers—of poetry will find here a grasp and insight which should survive a good many expositions. There is a sense in which every good new poem ought to reveal fresh inadequacies in prose, otherwise we have learnt nothing, a sense in which

At this last word all words change
All words change in acknowledgment of the last.

In his earlier collection of ballads, *The Dorking Thigh*, Mr. Plomer revealed himself as a first-rate satirist with a sharp eye for contemporary unpleasantnesses and absurdities. In contrast, the two long poems in his new volume, the title poem 'A Shot in the Park' and 'The Naiad of Ostend', though very agreeable and accomplished light verse, are perhaps rather pyrrhic victories, while 'Bamboo' seems novelettish (or librettish?). The charming 'Anglo-Swiss' has some sharp and brilliant writing:

Shadows of the wind-swung arc-lamp
Scribble across the rink
And the light at once erases those frantic brush-strokes

Dashed on the ice like ink.

But the real winner here (apart from a splendid parody of Hardy) is a remarkable and very serious little poem called 'The Bungalows'. This is Betjeman without nostalgia, a patient, uncomplaining, daringly hopeful cheer:

The commonplace needs no defence,
Dullness is in the critic's eyes,
Without a licence life evolves
From some dim phase its own surprise:

Under these yellow-twinkling elms,
Behind these hedges trimly shorn,
As in a stable once, so here
It may be born, it may be born.

Not everyone will agree with that, but it was worth saying.

English Social Differences

By T. H. Pear. Allen and Unwin. 18s.

It is a matter of common observation, but to date of little scientific investigation, that a number of customs and traits are differentially distributed throughout the English population, and furthermore that most of these customs and traits are commonly given a ranking order, some methods of speaking, or eating, or dressing being considered 'superior' to the alternatives. For the English this is one of the touchiest aspects of social life; and although it informs a very considerable amount of their humour and their literature, it has played a very small role in English sociology and social psychology. Professor Pear is to be commended for his courage in tackling this thorny subject, to which he was almost inevitably led by his earlier studies in speech patterns and the effect of individual appearance and gesture on others.

Unfortunately courage, like patriotism, is not enough. Professor Pear is a most thorough-going empiricist, in what is almost a parody of the

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BY J. F. HAYWARD

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lish tradition; he has the barest minimum theory to link together his disparate observations. In psychology he rejects out of hand psychoanalysis, in any of its varieties, and behaviourism, in any of its developments; and apparent theory or model of society underlies his selection of items to discuss. He imports terms—social class, stratum, status, élite—in four different theories of social stratification; but neither these, nor other technical terms as culture, are used with any consistency coherently related to one another. Regionalism is to be omitted.

An almost inevitable result of discussing social behaviour without an articulate model of society is that the emphasis falls very unevenly; and the book is no exception. Although purporting to deal with the whole of English society, it most completely ignores the working classes, except for a few quotations from Mr. Zweig, the marked differentiations therein; and though women compose half the population, they get very scant notice. This book is above a series of studies of the ways in which men in the English middle classes (with side-glances at a somewhat fictional upper class) differ in speech and manners, clothes, sports, eating and drinking, education and leisure pursuits. In this tilted range, the observations are often perceptive.

For most English people, membership of a social class is as much an aspect of their view of themselves as their membership of a sex or religion. There are however some marginal groups where the same status is held by people of very different social classes: conspicuous among these are teachers, intellectuals, holders of elective office. Professor Pears' life has inevitably been passed chiefly in such marginal groups, and this has led him to complicate considerably the description of social class with the modifications of fortune or status, which would be of considerable importance in the description of most English communities.

A thorough study of English society demands detailed investigation of class differences, and it is useful that a start has been made. From observations of this book it would appear that, with the exception of speech, the differences are comparatively superficial, involving (in modern terms) only the ego and not the total personality.

Dearest Bess: The Life and Times of Lady Elizabeth Foster, afterwards Duchess of Devonshire, from her unpublished journals and correspondence. By Dorothy Margaret Stuart. Methuen. 21s.

Lady Bessborough's *Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire*, recently reviewed in these columns, is the heroine of Miss Stuart's *Dearest Bess* was one of the members of the Devonshire House circle à trois at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth centuries. Inevitably, therefore, there is a good deal of duplication between the two books; but Miss Stuart is able to supplement Lord Bessborough's account of the trio by some passages from Lady Elizabeth Foster's diary, recording her experiences when she retired to the Continent to give birth in seclusion to her illegitimate children the Duke of Devonshire. The diary gives a curious description of the sort of foreign establishment—in this case at Vietri, a small town on the Gulf of Salerno—to which English women in the period were in the habit of resorting when, the Duchess of Devonshire put it, they were 'scrapes'.

Imagine a little staircase, dark and dirty, leading to the apartments of these people. The family consisted of the *Archi-Prêtre des Amoureux*; his

woman servant, a coarse ugly and filthy creature; the doctor (his brother) and his wife—the doctor an honest man, the wife everything one can imagine of wicked, vulgar and horrible; two young girls, pretty enough but weeping all day; a married elder sister—who was the best of the lot; the nurse who was to take charge of my child; and some babies which cried from morning till night—there you have the family of the respectable *Archi-Prêtre*, who has a sort of a seraglio round him.

After a fortnight in this establishment, posing as the wife of her French manservant, she gave birth to a daughter, who was taken over by the servant and placed in the care of his own family in France. In three years she was in another scrape of the same kind and gave birth to a son by the Duke, this time in a 'stinking' apartment at Rouen. After the French Revolution both children were brought to England; the boy was sent to Harrow and became an Admiral; and the girl married Lord Melbourne's brother, receiving a marriage portion of £30,000 from her father.

Oddly enough, Miss Stuart seems to have no idea how these squalid little stories, combined with the equally unattractive picture drawn by Lord Bessborough of the private life of the Duchess of Devonshire, dissipate the aura of false sentiment and romance with which the Devonshire House set has been invested. On the contrary, she cites with approval a passage in which a modern writer waxes lyrical over Devonshire House at this time:

Here flowered the feminine aspect of Whiggism . . . Here in the flesh was the exquisite eighteenth century of Gainsborough, all flowing elegance and melting glances and shifting silken colour.

Yet, only a few pages earlier, Miss Stuart has quoted Lady Holland's pen portrait of a 'feminine aspect of Whiggism' in the person of the Duchess of Devonshire at the age of forty-one: 'Her figure is corpulent, her complexion coarse; one eye gone and her neck immense'.

Apart from these autobiographical passages, Lady Elizabeth's diary appears to consist mainly of impressions and anecdotes of the many distinguished people she met in her long social career. She was in Paris at the fall of the Bastille and again at the peace of Amiens; she was present at Chiswick House when Fox died there; she called on Lady Hamilton to condole on the death of Nelson; she was a close friend of the Prince Regent's; in fact, she may be said to have known everyone and to have gone everywhere. But this beautiful woman—according to Gibbon she was so alluring that no man could withstand her, and that if she chose to beckon the Lord Chancellor from his Woolsack in full sight of the world, he could not resist obedience—was no Creevey; and it is clear that there is no reason for regretting that Miss Stuart has decided not to print the diary in full but to use it as the basis for a chatty account of the life and times of its authoress.

Typhoon in Tokyo

By Harry Emerson Wildes.

Allen and Unwin. 18s.

Mr. Wildes, who knew Japan before the war, and spent some time in Tokyo after the end of the occupation, worked with both the government and historical sections of SCAP. He is thus well qualified to write on the subject, and his work, well documented and crammed with fact and statistical detail, is significant in that it is the first full-length account of the occupation to come from the inside.

The title is apt, for beyond drawing data for areas outside of Tokyo from section 'summations' which, it is admitted, either ignored or drastically condensed material dealing with the provinces, little is said of the effect on the non-

Yedokko of 'the greatest revolution in history'. (Almost every product of those seven years, it seems, qualified automatically for the epithet 'greatest in history'.)

There are strange gaps. The author, who decries the work of the occupation and has praise only for the 'intangibles' which now remain (to each of those quoted strong exception could be taken), might well have discussed the educational reforms, by which, to touch on only one facet of the sweeping changes, commercial and high schools were upgraded to the rank of university, yet given no funds for building and library extension, while the teachers were expected overnight, and with no guidance, to change their methods and technique.

Mr. Wildes has much to say in criticism of the planners and the planning, yet the wisdom of the basic tenet of the whole scheme, the attempt to superimpose a little America on an unsuitable and not fully comprehending structure, is never really called in question. There are a large number of Japanese who have assimilated Bach and baseball, yet who know virtually nothing of *kagura* and *kabuki*. The stumbling-block of the occupation—as it is indeed of the majority of such co-operative ventures—was that it had perforce to work through the Nisei, or the man with eyes not for Nara and Heian, but only for Paris or Washington.

Flight of the Skylark

By Sylva Norman. Reinhardt. 25s.

This is a book about Shelley's reputation during the last three quarters of the nineteenth century; it is, in short, a book about Victorian moral and literary taste. Miss Norman gives a very full account of the vicissitudes of the Shelley legend during the Victorian period, and her text is enlivened by some fascinating, and even grotesque, illustrations. Unfortunately she begins her study in a verbose and pretentious vein: 'Back in England in the fall of the same year, they heard with dismay the news of Fanny Im'lay's suicide, then of Harriet's drowning. Was Shelley responsible for the latter? How far was he responsible? Could he have averted it? The questions go ringing out again'. If Miss Norman cannot answer the questions that have puzzled all Shelley's biographers, there is really no point in repeating them.

But no one should be put off by this unpromising start. The biography of a reputation is not easy to write, and once Miss Norman has got Shelley safely cremated she tells her story well, though perhaps with more talent for enumerating details than for summarising tendencies. She gives a satisfactory and just account, for instance, of Browning's changing reactions to the idol of his adolescence—first, worship as celebrated in *Pauline*; next loyalty struggling with dawning doubt, as expressed in the essay prefixed to a collection of spurious letters (it is here that Browning feels the need to venture the curious conclusion that Shelley was in reality, or would have been had he lived, a Christian); finally, there is the period of rejection, during which Browning attempted to suppress *Pauline*, and refused the presidency of the newly founded Shelley Society on the ground that he could not approve of Shelley's moral character. It is a depressing chronicle. Hardly more laudable was Arnold's view of Shelley, traced with equal faithfulness by Miss Norman in this well documented essay in social history. Not that Arnold was as wrong as Miss Norman assumes; it is not in itself outrageous to contemplate the goings-on in Shelley's circle and exclaim 'What a set!' What is deplorable is the effect that such an attitude of mind, with all it implies, had on the creative spirit in Victorian literature. But that is another story.

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DOCUMENTARY

Studio Oddities

SOME VIEWERS will have been wondering, with me, what is happening at Television Centre, whether we are witnessing the first symptoms of a deterioration resulting from the staff shiftings from the B.B.C. to the new commercial formations. That has been said in my hearing, though for the moment I remain impregnable to its implications. It may be seasonal, a touch of unaccustomed sun. Undeniably, elements of slipshod have shown up in recent days. Cameras have poked their snouts into the picture. Microphone booms have swept across our line of vision. Mysterious figures have peeped at us from behind studio sets. Anonymous heads with ear-phones on have been seen marginally on our screens. It is as if we were back in the fumbling 'thirties, when we were not taking ourselves quite so seriously as we are today. Then it was all part of the miracle. Now we viewers consider ourselves to be almost as professional as those who provide the viewing, for television has greatly increased knowingness, an unattractive if unavoidable deviation from the higher meaning of the Charter.

Not all that we saw last week confirmed the suspicion of lapsed efficiency, of a certain witlessness at work. Cameras and microphones were used with exemplary skill at Edinburgh, in 'Beating Retreat' at the castle, where we saw an old ceremonial being carried out by the pipes and drums of the First Battalion the Gordon Highlanders, led, we were told, by an English drum-major. It brought us a succession of pictorial pleasures. But it was an Outside Broadcasts Department programme and no perceptible decline in standards can as yet be charged to that quarter. Military formality is beginning to seem outmoded in this second half of the century, although colour television may pay it the compliment of regret and perhaps even of revived significance. There was the drama of inevitability in the announcement, at the close, that soon retreat or tattoo will no more be heard at Edinburgh Castle. Requirements of the atomic age are moving the headquarters of Scottish Command elsewhere.

For the rest, television's outside activities were

primarily concerned with showing us sporting events: five-a-side football at Harringay Arena, London; ice hockey from the Empire Pool, Wembley; amateur boxing from the St. Andrew's Halls, Glasgow; and the amateur cup final, also from Wembley. At each there was a sufficiency of approving clamour to warrant the strain on the impatience of those who happen not to be enthusiasts for ball kicking, puck thrashing, or the so-called noble art.

It is my opinion that we have too much boxing on television. I enter no solemn objection, despite having been urged by correspondents to do so. For some viewers boxing provides the

'This', as the gentleman said in the Bath coach 'is a bit of human nature', and I would not part a party to its obliteration from our distant shores. There can be no disregard of sectional interests. They have the wider function of fending off majority tastes, which in the coming new dispensation of television may assume formidable and possibly fateful proportions.

Presumably those tastes were satisfied by 'This Was Yesterday', the Pathé Pictorial film record of thirty-six years of professional entertainment in the theatre, music-hall, cinema, and cabaret. Of its own intrinsic entertainment quality, the drama critic may wish to speak.

As documented history, it was overloaded and much too fast-paced. The producers, Howard Thomas and Terry Ashwood were gorged with material and tried to cram much into an hour, which is a generous allowance of television time. Coming immediately after Christopher Mayhew's far more important coexistence programme received only half an hour, a less in television values. In that instalment of a timely series we saw film shots from Viet-Nam. They told only fragmentary truths but have an idea, now, of what Ho Chi Minh and smiles on the faces of those who accept his doctrines and pain in the eyes of those who do not.

Because an artist friend of mine had come away convinced that so much of it was faked, I did not see 'The Living Desert' at our local cinema. Now I wish that I had, as a respite from seeing 'Disneyland' at home

other night. It was an all-compelling, fascinating record of the trouble taken and the risks run by the photographers who make nature films under the Disney banner, in this instance 'The Vanishing Prairie'. There were things in it which made Armand and Michaela Denis seem like struggling amateurs, though it appears that Disney, too, has a suspect prejudice in favour of happy endings to nature's dramas. He is an arch-transgressor in the use of background music. His mountain goats are seen battling the rhythm of 'The Anvil Chorus'. The photographer who got himself up to look like a buffalo and faced a herd of the species provided us with entralling pictures. Talk about 'The Link': that programme, which we had seen just before this one, was confirmed in its insignificance.



'Christian Forum' on April 17, with (left to right) the Bishop of Stepney, Professor C. A. Coulson, Miss Diana Reader Harris, and the Abbot of Downside

fullest value of any for the licence fee, no matter whether the fighters are endowed with 'Atlantean shoulders' or how mincing their conduct in the ring. We who have less heroic passions might not be unrealistic in assuming that every boxing programme cuts off the attention of several hundred thousand viewers, among them large numbers of women who are not impressed by the sight of two males, stripped of everything but their illusions, attacking each other with what look like overdone legs of mutton. Dutifully watching the scene, I always discover a preference for taking in the outer ritualism of the game, the huckaback *finesse* of the men in white sweaters with their elaborate air of being connoisseurs of both art and science, the class-conscious vowels of the average M.C., the raffish cries from the blackness beyond the ropes.



As seen by the viewer: 'Disneyland' on April 12—a photographer wearing a buffalo head-dress; and Mr. Walt Disney with a "quarter-mile close-up" telephoto camera

'Have You a Camera?' on April 13: Baron instructing Sally Ann How and (right) a good 'action' study

Photographs: John C.

Trying to do its duty by a news-hungry public, television 'News and Newsreel' introduced more of its foreign correspondents, a useful addition to its regular service, though some of them have had remarkably little news to talk out. Television's strike programmes, which groups of Fleet Street men have discussed both foreign and domestic affairs, continue to be helpful in the emergency. In one of them there was a sharp attack on the appointment of the Earl of Home as Secretary of State for Commonwealth Relations. So it has gone unanswered. That seems not so much unfair as uncharacteristic of the B.B.C.

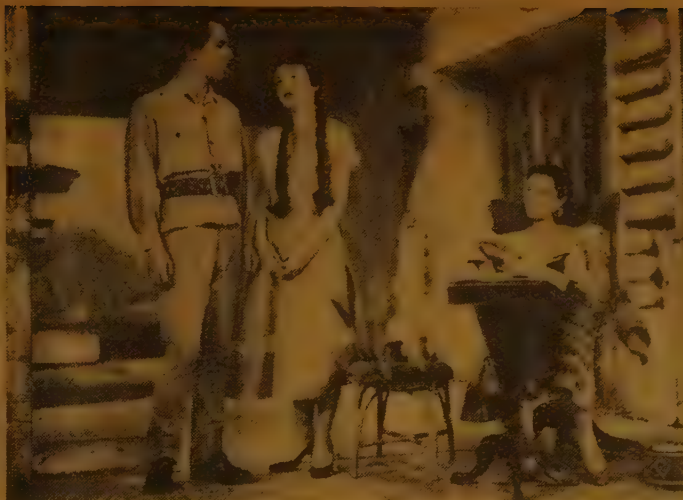
REGINALD POUND

DRAMA

Down Mexico Way

MR. RUDOLPH CARTIER, among many benefits bestowed, has given us some brilliant television adaptations. Now it seems to me, with 'Midsummer Fire' (to be repeated tonight), he has opened a new vein which might be worked as long with profit all round. He takes Sudermann's 'Johannisfeuer', thought a great play in 1900, and transfers it from a Prussian farm to a Mexican burb. The verbal translation being that of Ashley Dukes, the feeling of the piece is still essentially English and the cross-grafting produces what is actually a new drama, never seen before, hybrid and, indeed, the like of which one never expected to see any-

The vista of possibilities opened up by such treatment is long and alluring. If such treatment be applied to some other German plays now no longer quite the scared box office draws which they used to be. How about 'Rosen-entag' taken out of the stuffy, dead school atmosphere and placed vividly among Greenland's igloos, with a final duel to the death with snow-birds? Or Sudermann's 'Magda' in the ruins of the Rhondda Valley? Or (I recall how effectively it translated into a Russian setting in a film recently) 'Das Glück im Winkel' (The Vale of Content) positively begs resetting in a Home Counties prep school where the headmaster's wife is tempted to go off with a lover, confides instead in the 'head', and remains faithful to 'form'. We have seen 'An Enemy of the People' successfully replanted in Scotland (but only on the Home Service, I think). What is to prevent 'Es lebe das Leben' from doing just as nicely in Nova Scotia? That one always seems to me almost Sudermann's best. The Countess Bea nearly goes off with a lover until the lover and her husband become the best of friends, which rather takes the emotional wind out of her grace's sails. The snag of local scandal—and surely Mr. Rudolph Cartier could touch in the Canadian implications nicely. Scandal having been averted, the Countess fills a liqueur glass with ratbane, tastes a long life all round and—just when it was becoming unnecessary to do so—expires across the table. I pray we may have this ere long on our screens: Montreal setting. Meanwhile 'Johannisfeuer' did not lose too much nor gain enormously from its journey across the world. Georg and Marike became Luis and Maria, very un-Mexican somehow in their nice Bourne-mouth-style deportment and their shy smiling. This was a new idea of Mexican love-making, incidentally. No doubt people in Mexico do smile like that: but in the



'Midsummer Fire' on April 17, with (left to right) Laurence Payne as Luis Ybarra, Nora Gorsen as Alicia, and Jeannette Sterke as Maria



'Opera for All' on April 14: the Grand Opera Group in Mozart's 'Cosi Fan Tutte' with (left to right) Patricia Kern as Dorabella, Belva Boroditsky as Fiordiligi, Douglas Craig as Don Alfonso, Dermot Troy as Ferrando, and Garth Stacey as Guglielmo

Mexico which has hitherto reached our screens, the Mexico of Buñuel 'Los Olvidados' or Eisenstein's 'Storm over Mexico', loving eyes are filled with a fierce glint, even in smiling, which is rare, and which I did not once catch in Mr. Laurence Payne's polite smile of acceptance when offered coffee or in Miss Jeannette Sterke's far-away maidenly musings. Exceptions to un-Mexican look of most of the cast were Patrick Troughton's schoolmaster and Wolfe Morris' ballet school *peon*, all teeth and navel.

All the same, with one or two odd details pointedly missing (signs of religiosity might be absent from Prussian homesteads, it hardly could be from a Mexican farm in 1900), a reasonably acceptable world was created. The arched interior was plausible. So was Mr. George Coulouris as he twitted Miss Nora Gorsen (the 'real' daughter who goes off to a bridegroom who loves Maria) on not cooking his breakfast steak well. We noticed this because we had read in *Radio Times* how a Mexican visitor had told Mr. Cartier that in Mexico farmers eat steak at breakfast, whereas Sudermann's Prussians ate eggs. So, instead of 'How hard my egg is', Mr. Coulouris was made to say 'How tough my steak is'. *Caramba!* It is facility itself once one thinks about it.

Sudermann, like our own Pinero, was lucky in being able to take over a well-oiled dramatic machine. I doubt if many spectators on Sunday were deeply moved by the misfire of this midsummer marriage. But at least the play is

mapped out in such a way that what interest can be felt is neatly turned to account. Miss Gorsen and Miss Sterke, with luscious black plaits dangling over acres of *décolletage*, made a wistful and pretty pair of whatever is the Mexican equivalent of *Backfische*. Noel Hood as Mexican mama seemed to change into someone else halfway through the play and to react to the jubulations of the bonfire night in an unexpected way; but the role is not cardinal. Miriam Lehmann as Petra the cook (who would have been just as at home in Prussia) and Eileen Way as the gypsy (or Indian woman), Maria's thieving mother, were suitably differentiated; and an enormous number of Fays and Sheilas and Judys and Vals and Toms danced with what I am ready to swear was true Mexican abandon. We shall find the original *echt-Deutsch* version gloomy enough next time we fall upon it at the local rep.

It has been a mixed week otherwise—blessed as always by Arthur Askey's 'Before Your Very Eyes', out and away the funniest of the comedy shows. 'Children of the New Forest' entered its second episode. A new serial, 'The Mulberry Accelerator', by Donald Wilson did not in its first instalment invite jokes about 'speeding it up'; Mrs. Shufflewick had another national innings; and 'Cosi Fan Tutte' made the grade, with piano, as 'Opera for All'—all, that is, except Despina who was ignored. One cannot have everything.

PHILIP HOPE-WALLACE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Far Away and Long Ago

LUCKY AUSTRALIAN CHILDREN, we gather, know about the Kelly gang and the last stand at Glenrowan in Victoria, as soon as they can patter their twicetimes table. This Robin Hood was new to me. Delightedly, having a passion for bushrangers, I prepared to receive 'Ned Kelly' (Home). After all, one of my favourite passages is that highly explicit statement by Adam Lindsay Gordon:

Flash! Flash! and I felt his bullet flay
The tip of my ear. Flash! bang!

'Ned Kelly' had been on for a little while when we began to count syllables. Sure enough, the characters were speaking verse. There we were in an Australian bushranging melodrama of 1879-80 that moved (without a by-your-leave) into verse rhythms. Was it fair? For the moment one felt up a gum tree; then it became clear that Douglas Stewart was writing much more than a melodrama. The apparent shocker had an astonishing sense of atmosphere and place. One need not put the ambitious Ned with the ambitious Macbeth—as I believe some loyalist has done!—but, in performance, it was soon obvious that anyone who had tuned into a stick-'em-up document of adventure would be disappointed.

The play begins with the raid on the bank at Jerilderie, a dullish opening, though there is a speech—delivered by Rolf Lefebvre—in which Australia is called the violent country where 'the earth itself suffers, cries out in anger against the sunlight from the cracked lips of the plains'. Soon atmosphere grows when the members of the Kelly gang wait at sunset in their hide-out among the gum trees, light going from the



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anches like autumn turning to winter. Later get a drama within a drama; a traitor who is informed on the Kellys to the police (the 'raps') can expect nothing but doom. We expect it, too; wisely, Douglas Stewart has ended the scene on the opening of a door and a single foot. So to the final stand at Glenrowan; an attempt to wreck the train is foiled; Joe Byrne (one of the gang) and Kelly himself are shot. At the last we are in no Deadwood Dick spirit. Kelly and Byrne, however they may regard themselves as symbols of freedom, are just dangerous bandits; but a dramatic poet can make his own honours list, and Douglas Stewart has managed, oddly, to ennoble Byrne. It is the power of heightened speech. Although the man could not say those things (any more than another First Murderer would say 'Now spurs the belated traveller apace To gain the timely night'), he does compel our attention. Kelly himself, if much less aspiring, lives and breathes; he is not a ventriloquist dummy. A strange night, and a play one wants to meet again. Sometimes the air is clouded in heat-haze. At other times the air is sharp, bullets flay the tip of one's ear, and the dramatist is sure of himself. The players on Saturday shared his confidence: Liam Gaffney and Brian Haines led with spirit a cast that, under Ayton Whitaker's direction, let nothing go.

If there is a link between Ned Kelly and Joan Arc, it is even slighter than that: between Macdon and Monmouth; I need not search for it. Joan is in mid-stage now. We have Kathleen McKenna in the West End as the Irish Maid; Dorothy Tutin advances with her mouth's 'L'Alouette'; and Miss McKenna has been heard (Home) in Thierry Maulnier's *Joan and the Judges*. Again Joan's sharply taught faith is proclaimed in a voice that one could expect to hear crying 'I'm thinking you're too fine for the like of me, Shawn Keogh Killakeen'. By now we are used to the fusion of Domrémy and Connemara: Miss McKenna is very simply, the girl of nineteen, the church's rebellious child' who, in Maulnier's play, must endure the night of suffering. At length, in fevered colloquy with herself, she withdraws her recantation and goes out to her battle: 'I declare that my voices did not come and that they came from God'. Above, saints Margaret and Catherine, with the Archangel Michael, are watching the Maid; when she has given her last cry of agony, it is Michael that says, 'Come, my sisters, now we may go to meet her'. A play about Joan is safe: Maulnier's with its long to-and-fro of judicial examination—does not fail, though it must seem only a footnote to Shaw. R. D. Smith produced with sympathy, and I remember Baliol Bowdler's crackling voice as the least harsh of the judges.

R. D. Smith also directed Frederick Schumann's *The Pity of Love* (Third), which seems to come to us from far away and long ago through its man and woman, former lovers, look back only to 1939. Their young love had been ended too fiercely. At a chance meeting memories come again; there may be other might-have-been lovers in the years ahead. It is a poignant little fancy (loitering too long in its Welsh scene) that includes a shattering passage for a family group, almost a play in itself. Tony Britton and Betty Linton held the mood.

J. C. TREWYN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Roosevelt

THREE BROADCASTS last week were devoted to Franklin D. Roosevelt, of which I listened to the one given on Tuesday, the tenth anniversary of the President's sudden death. 'A Man, Just the

Same', on the Home Service, consisted of a series of recordings from some of his speeches introduced and linked by Denis Brogan who fulfilled this office brilliantly, presenting the contemporary background to each succinctly and vividly and so giving coherence and design to a programme which would otherwise have been simply a patchwork. And not only that: he must have reminded many listeners, as he did me, of things they had forgotten, and told them much, especially of the circumstances of Roosevelt's election to the presidency, of which they had known nothing. The recordings, which showed him dealing with a variety of situations with forceful assurance and a natural eloquence, built up a lifelike impression of a great man. But the recordings were, unavoidably, somewhat hard on the ear. To be harangued, as Queen Victoria put it, 'as if I was a public meeting', and an immense, a stupendous one at that, is not a soothing experience for one man in a small room, and I heaved a sigh of relief when this excellent broadcast came to an end.

A brief doze—ten minutes; no more—and then over to the Third to hear Isaiah Berlin on the same theme, but seen from a more personal view-point. Mr. Berlin treated me as an individual, but one whom he expected to have all his wits about him. He spoke of the immense impact made by Roosevelt on him as a young man and on other young Englishmen of his age in those years when many of them were enthralled by communism and some even went to Spain to fight for the republic. And it was Roosevelt and the New Deal, he said, that seemed to them the one consolation later, when the bitter disillusionment with communism came. It was a lively talk from a lively mind, and so, in their very different style, were Basil Taylor's two talks called 'The Problem of the Past', in the first of which he discussed the influence of historical research and revivalism in the arts on the artists of today. Picasso, he said, has swallowed and regurgitated all sorts of past styles; 'he has juggled with the museums; but lesser artists have formed the habit of making archaeological references in their work, while others are obsessed with the determination to be modern at all costs. In his second talk, last week, Mr. Taylor spoke of modern research into the arts of past ages, and made shrewd remarks on its limitations. Much of it, he said, consists of the collection and identification of objects, a pursuit akin to science and of little or no value to the artist. These talks were a mental spring-cleaning as disturbing as, but much more enjoyable than, the material one in progress or impending at this time of the year.

'Exile and Return' was the title of a programme of readings of a few Anglo-Saxon poems in translations by the late Gavin Bone, which prove that he was not only an Anglo-Saxon scholar but a fine English poet too. After five days, during which, with one exception, my listening consisted of history, criticism, and other matters addressed to the mind, I found it a rare pleasure to sit back and lose myself in the deep emotions and sharp appeals to eye and ear which fill these poems. They give a vivid impression of the 'old, forgotten, far-off things' of a simple, heroic age, in language which is always alive. The cloven hoof of second-hand epithet and superannuated language which is apt to show itself, occasionally at least, even in translations by poets, never betrayed itself here. There were three readers—Marjorie Westbury, Robert Marsden, and Felix Felton—whose fine reading brought out the full beauty of the poems.

The only other broadcast I heard of an artistic kind was a short story by H. G. Wells—'The Pearl of Love'—which I must once have read but had totally forgotten. I would guess that Wells was still serving his apprentice-

ship as a writer when he composed it, because it is an exhibition of that self-consciously beautiful writing which any author who has mastered his trade could turn out, but refrains from doing so, to order. The story has a vaguely eastern form and flavour, and there is a twist, too crudely executed, in its tail. In my early youth it would have delighted me: last week I found it unbearably tedious, although Cyril Shaps read it very well.

MARTIN ARMSTRONG

MUSIC

The Mass in D

THE CHIEF MUSICAL EVENT of Easter week was the performance on Friday and Saturday of Beethoven's *Missa Solemnis*. That this is one of the most sublime creations of the human imagination is a commonplace, but it is a commonplace whose truth is proved every time the Mass is heard. That it is also one of the most difficult compositions in the whole repertory accounts for the comparative rarity of its performance. The difficulty lies not merely in the immense strain that Beethoven put upon the voices of both soloists and chorus but also in the manner of his vocal writing. He expected the human voice to behave like a wind-instrument, demanding the same powers of rhythmical attack and of flexibility over any intervals. The writing for the solo-quartet still looks appallingly difficult on paper, and it is my first duty to congratulate last week's singers on their complete success in performing these passages accurately and clearly.

Rudolf Schwarz, who conducted the performances, seemed at first, especially on Friday, to be oppressed by his responsibilities. Anxious (I suppose) to get every strand of the polyphony in place, he failed to give enough drive to the rhythms, which tended to slackness. Perhaps one must regard the first performance as a final rehearsal. Certainly there was more tension, though still not enough in the 'Kyrie' and again in the 'Agnus Dei', on Saturday. It was not a question of pace. The conductor's *tempi* seemed to me generally well-judged, except in the *Allegro assai* of the 'Agnus Dei' which was surely too slow. The fault lay rather in a failure to provide that last ounce of physical energy which, as oarsmen know, drives the boat forward. This may yet be achieved in the third performance, which will have been heard in the Home Service before these notes appear.

The conductor's intellectual grasp of the music was as evident as his ability to control his forces, and I hardly think it was his fault that, at the receiving end, the orchestra sounded too much in the background. Details of the score tended to be overwhelmed by the voices. The hovering of the flute high up above the stave in 'Et incarnatus', though indeed marked *pianissimo*, should be more distinctly present, and even the violin solo in 'Benedictus', which could have been more sensitively phrased, tended to get submerged in the vocal polyphony.

The B.B.C. chorus sang splendidly and met all demands made upon them without flagging. They may not possess the brilliance and power of the great Yorkshire choirs, but their good musicianship and balance reflected great credit both on themselves and on their chorus-master, Mr. Woodgate. I have already said a word in praise of the solo-quartet, but they must be named, *honoris causa*: Joan Sutherland, who is fast developing into a first-rate dramatic soprano; Elsa Cavelti, whose fine mezzo was, perhaps, the best voice of the four; Peter Pears, who has never in my experience sung as well as he did in these performances, with a freer, more ringing tone; and Richard Standen, who provided a secure bass, if not always a sufficiently

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ful one, to the harmony. It was the sum of their concerted efforts, quite as much as their individual qualities, that made the quartet's performance a memorable experience.

r. Schwarz also conducted the B.B.C. Orchestra's symphony concert in the Home Ice, giving rather humdrum performances of Brahms, Wagner (the 'Siegfried' Idyll), Elgar (the Symphonic Studies, which is more *bravura*) and Dvořák. And there was an undisciplined Concerto Grosso by an Argentine composer, J. M. Castro, in a programme

conducted by Maurice Miles, who obtained a first-rate performance of Gluck's Overture to 'Iphigenia in Aulis' from the Philharmonia Orchestra.

There was more pleasure to be had from the chamber-music provided by the Végh and Hirsch Quartets, both consisting of players who are not (as so many quartet-players seem to be) afraid of their instruments. The Hirsch Quartet gave a beautiful, deeply felt performance of Beethoven's Opus 131 in C sharp minor; a little more energy in the rhythms would have

converted it into a great one. The Hungarian players do not lack energy, but they applied it with discretion to Schubert's Opus 29 in A minor. On another evening Carl Dolmetsch and the Martin String Quartet provided an unusual and delightful programme of music for recorder (various types) and strings, including a new Fantasia on a theme of Machaut by Rubbra, whose Dominican Mass appeared in the programme given by the B.B.C. West of England Singers earlier in the week.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Hugo Wolf and His Songs

By FRANK WALKER

The first of a series of broadcasts of Wolf's songs will be heard in the Third Programme at 8.30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 27

THE series of ten recitals of Wolf's songs, to be heard shortly in the Third Programme, must be considered one of the greatest tributes ever paid to the art of his art, the richness and variety to be found within the narrow limits of the *Lied*. Comparatively few composers, and very few composers indeed, could provide material for even one whole concert-programme of their kind, without the danger of monotony and surfeit. Half-way through a programme of Grieg's songs, or Mendelssohn's songs, for instance, the limitations would become apparent, with the repetition of the same musical procedures, the recurrence of the same melodic and harmonic turns and twists, that were once fresh and new, but then became merely habitual. Schumann, Fauré, Debussy, and perhaps also Mahler, would survive this trial by careful selection from their work. But the only composers whose songs it is easy to draw up a whole series of variegated programmes, without danger of monotony and repetition, are Schubert and Wolf, assuredly the greatest song-writers the world has ever seen.

As is well known, Wolf's song-volumes, each devoted to a different poet, came into being as a result of furious bouts of concentrated composition. The musician was temporarily possessed by the poet, and afterwards, when the fit was over, nothing more could be forced from him. By 1888, the date of the first great publication of song composition, Wolf had found himself, was fully mature. After that date it is only possible to talk of 'progress' or 'development' in his work: what followed was simply different. Because of his sensitive literary feeling, his absorption in the pastoral world of Mörike, his Swabian poet, resulted in a volume of songs which have qualities utterly distinct from those which resulted, at a very brief interval of time, from his absorption in Goethe's world. Similarly, the last of the Spanish songs, written in the spring of 1890, have remarkably little in common with the first of the Italian songs, which were produced less than six months later. The case of the Italian songs is particularly striking. Only ten songs were produced in 1890; fifteen more in 1891; these were then published separately, and the remaining twenty-four songs not completed until the spring of 1896. Yet the whole song-book, the composition of which was thus spread over six years, has almost perfect unity of style, and the unique qualities of this Italian series of Wolf's are already perfectly exemplified in the very first song to be written: 'Mir ward gesagt, Du reistest in die Ferne'. The decisive change was the new poetical stimulus, which came out in Wolf a fresh musical response. Schumann could respond in this way to Eichendorff and Heine (though he did not often catch the wry and bitter note in the latter poet), as did Fauré to Verlaine; but Wolf, it seemed,

could take on a new creative personality with each new poet, when there was any musical response in him at all. Hence it is that we have this endless variety, this richness of choice, to fill ten weekly programmes, and yet leave much still unsung.

Something might be said about the manner of presentation, and something learned from Wolf's own programmes. When, in 1896, the Berlin 'Hugo Wolf Verein' was founded, the composer, who was hard to please, criticised the drafted programme for the first concert of the new society. He told Paul Müller, the founder, that he should go to work more systematically, and suggested that in the course of the season five concerts should be given, each devoted exclusively to settings of a single poet—Mörike, Eichendorff, Goethe, and the Spanish and Italian Song-Books:

How do you like this proposal? Unfortunately, until now I have been prevented by force of circumstances from realising this favourite idea of mine, but now that we are in control of the situation, what is to hinder us from carrying it out?

Opportunities of giving such a wide survey of his work must be rare. It may be doubted whether individual recitals should concentrate on single volumes. It is just possible, we know, to crowd all the Italian songs into one evening, and the custom seems to be growing of so presenting them, divided between two singers, sometimes against an imagined story-background. Three such presentations were given in London in the course of a single recent winter. This practice, however, has no tradition or authority behind it, and is a thoroughly inartistic proceeding. Some few songs, of course, are obviously connected with each other, such as the group centring in 'Schweig' einmal still', but the rest can only be forcibly and unconvincingly associated. No two characters, no single pair of lovers, quarrelling, making it up, etc., could compass in rapid succession the whole range of emotions in the volume, and the Boccaccian song about the lecherous monk must always be ridiculously out of place in such a scheme.

There is great interest in the study of the programmes of Wolf's own recitals: not those occasions when, in private, he overwhelmed his friends with endless successions of his latest compositions, in his irresistible urge to share with others his joy in his achievements, but his public appearances, when the programmes were as carefully considered as was the order of the songs in the published volumes. Apart from five occasions when he accompanied a single short group of his songs in concerts of other music, Wolf appeared as pianist at ten concerts entirely devoted to his songs, between 1892 and 1897. The programmes of these concerts show that:

(1) Wolf always engaged more than one singer—

sometimes two, soprano and tenor, and sometimes three, soprano, tenor and baritone.

- (2) The programme would be divided into six or seven groups—more numerous, but generally much shorter, than those customary in *Lieder* recitals today.
- (3) Each group within the larger programme would be devoted, almost always, to settings of a single poet.

A typical programme was that given at Graz on December 1, 1893, by Wolf with August Krämer, tenor, and Marie Krämer-Widl, soprano:

- (1) 4 Mörike songs by the tenor ('Der Gärtner', 'Nimmersatte Liebe', 'Begegnung', 'Der Tambour')
- (2) 4 Mörike songs by the soprano ('An eine Aeolsharfe', 'Lied vom Winde', 'Verborgenheit', 'Er ist's')
- (3) 4 Eichendorff songs by the tenor ('Der Soldat I', 'Das Ständchen', 'Der Musikant', 'Heimweh')
- (4) 3 Goethe songs by the soprano ('Die Spröde', 'Die Bekehrte', 'Kennst Du das Land?')
- (5) 4 Goethe songs, from the 'Westöstlicher Divan' section of the volume, divided between soprano and tenor ('Als ich auf dem Euphrat schiffte' answered by 'Dies zu deuten', and 'Nicht Gelegenheit macht Diebe' by 'Hochbeglückt in Deiner Liebe')
- (6) 3 Spanish songs by the tenor ('Wer sein holdes Lieb verloren', 'Wenn Du zu den Blumengehst', 'Seltsam ist Juanas Weise')
- (7) 5 Spanish songs by the soprano ('Die ihr schwebet', 'In dem Schatten meiner Locken', 'Alle gingen, Herz, zur Ruh', 'Wehe der, Geh', 'Geliebter, geh' jetzt')

This admirable programme could be a model for modern recitals. It presents, on a miniature scale, something like the conspectus desired by the composer in the series of concerts by the Berlin 'Hugo Wolf Verein'. Some other things should be noticed:

- (1) The Graz programme gives authority for the partial performance of the neglected *Westöstlicher Divan* cycle.
- (2) Although Wolf sometimes cursed about contemporary singers' predilection for a few favourite songs, he was by no means averse to performing them himself in public.
- (3) Each group ends with a sure winner, from Mörike's humorous character-study of the drummer-boy, or his rapturous spring greeting, to the overwhelming passion of Suleika's song and the great Spanish masterpiece 'Geh', Geliebter'.

A curious situation has arisen today. Everyone wants to sing us the whole *Italian Songbook*, and we no longer often hear the songs that once threatened to become hackneyed. It will be a pleasure to hear again, in the Third Programme series, old favourites like 'Der Gärtner', 'Begegnung', 'Heimweh', 'Fussreise', 'Jägerlied', 'Verschwiegene Liebe' and 'Morgentau'.



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The high intensities mentioned are unnecessary and undesirable, for if we normally use no more than we really need, we shall always be able to see by the higher intensities when these occur, whereas if we get used to needlessly high intensities we shall lose the power to see by the lower intensities. Normally about 5 foot-candles should be ample for all ordinary purposes, and when it is considered that a foot-candle simply means the light given by a candle a foot away, it will be realised that 5 foot-candles, evenly distributed, mean that at every point in the room you have the equivalent of 5 candles a foot away. It may be doubted whether there would be enough candles in London to light an average room with this all-round intensity! Yet many so-called experts advocate 10, 20 and even 50 or more foot-candles, which can only cause severe eyestrain, besides being grossly extravagant. Incidentally the term "foot-candle" was evidently considered too simple and self-explanatory to please the pundits, as it has been changed to "lumens per square foot", which conveys nothing to the layman. As Oscar Wilde said in one of his plays, "To be intelligible is to be found out!"



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BETTER LIGHTING—II

IF YOU ARE HAVING your house rewired or having a new one built, do not leave the lighting entirely to the builder, or even to the architect; after all, you are going to live in the place, and, thoughtful though they may be, it is impossible for them to think of everything. Those wretched single lighting points in the middle of rooms should be things of the past day. They make small rooms look so much smaller, and, as a rule, do not provide decent lighting for anyone. Generally speaking, although I have them myself because my rooms are so small that hand and standard lamps would only clutter them, I am against ceiling lights. Wall-brackets are adequate for giving general lighting, but the best possible solution for good lighting in nearly every room is to have plenty of wall plugs for portable lamps. And that, too, is not as difficult as you may think. There is a wiring system, which you may have heard about, called the ring circuit, which is simplicity itself. The big advantage is that all the plug sizes are the same.

This ring circuit has to be put in professionally. It is a ring of wiring running round the side of the whole house, a ring for each floor, and it can supply a large number of plug points. The plugs themselves have easily changed fuses built in to them. These have different ratings according to the load you want the plug to carry. There are certain regulations governing the ring circuit, so, if you are contemplating installing one, find out about them from your local Electricity Board or your electrical contractor. Speaking very approximately, I would say that a ring circuit for an ordinary type of new house of about 1,000-square-feet floor area would cost between £20 and £30 for each circuit, and you would need one upstairs and one downstairs. That is a very great deal cheaper than

providing the same facilities and wiring each plug back to the fuse box in the way that it used to be done.

I have no space to deal with fluorescent lighting, as there is a great deal to say about it, particularly about the different colours of 'white' lamps. But I think it is the light of the future.

RICHARD FREETH

MAKING MAYONNAISE

When making mayonnaise, do not expect the egg-yolk to absorb more oil than it can. The limit is about eight tablespoonfuls to each yolk—or, if you like to think in liquid ounces, about four liquid ounces. The oil, the egg (and the mixing bowl) must be at the temperature of the room in which you are making it.

Put the egg-yolk into the bowl—remove any little cloudy bits—sprinkle it with salt and pepper, and add a few drops of vinegar, or lemon juice. Then stir with a wooden spoon, or with a small whisk, if you would rather. When the yolk is smooth, begin to add the olive oil, drop by drop, stirring all the time, any way round you like. You will find that presently the mixture will thicken and cling to the spoon, making it difficult to go on stirring. Now is the time to add a few more drops of vinegar or lemon, and once this has been stirred in you can add the rest of the oil in a very thin trickle, stirring rather more quickly, and adding a few drops of the vinegar or lemon from time to time. One egg-yolk will want about a dessertspoonful altogether. If you find the sauce is still too thick, you can thin it down with a few drops of warm water.

You should not have any difficulty at all in making your mayonnaise like this, and even if it does curdle—which is extremely unlikely—all you have to do is to put a fresh egg-yolk into

another warmed bowl and stir in the curdled mixture by degrees, and it will magically uncurdle itself.

AMBROSE HEATH

Notes on Contributors

W. G. BEASLEY (page 689): Professor of the History of the Far East, London University; author of *Great Britain and the Opening of Japan, 1834-1858*

ALF MARTIN (page 691): London correspondent of *Handelstidningen of Gothenburg*; regular broadcaster for the Swedish Broadcasting Service

SIR HAROLD SCOTT, G.C.V.O. (page 695): Commissioner of Police of the Metropolis, 1945-53; author of *Scotland Yard*, etc.

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RAYMOND BAKER (page 700): worked as Information Officer for the Foreign Office in Naples and Venice after the war, and has also been a special assistant to the High Commissioner for Refugees of the United Nations in Geneva

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T. R. FYVEL (page 708): author of *The Malady and the Vision, No Ease in Zion*, etc.

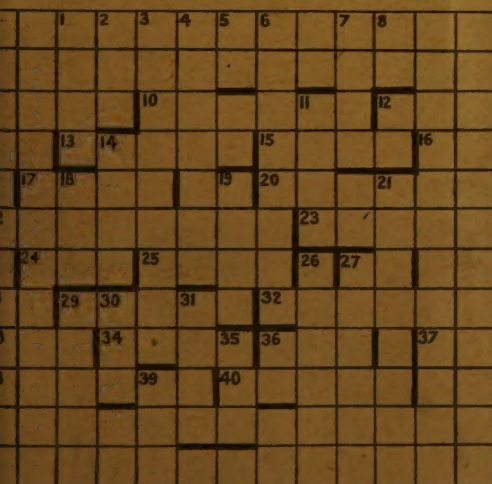
Crossword No. 1,303.

Gardening &c.

By Pone

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final



Mr. S—r's Monthly Garden-gab

I make my offer for April the Grand Spiral or double Spring border. Within which and by counter-revolution as it were, vistas are revealed streamlined and 38A, creations of the landscapist's skill, 35D harmonies of Nature and Art. At one corner, a tiny murmuring brook; at another a series of steps without a note of hesitation. So to our third—there lurks the deepest shade of heather; and last a bluebell corner, bluebell maybe without ah! this. And within, a cut flower section glossed modestly below, no blatant comments, the very quintessence of modern horticultural salesmanship.

CLUES—ACROSS

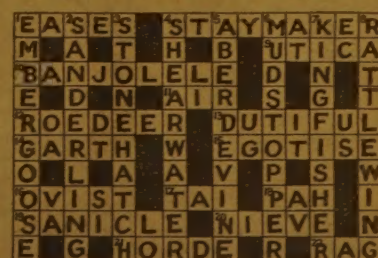
- 9R. Har. perennial: waves up and down
10. To what may I liken it? A wallflower, but flowerless
- 12-16. These are crimson and sweet
13. Har. annual resembling 21U—comment is altogether superfluous
- 15-24. Har. annual: simply glorious
16. See 12A
- 17R. Mask flower: so a part is invisible
20. Daisy's answer: sounds like the text-book
22. Kind of 10A: breath-taking brassica
- 23R. Lake, but not crimson—includes a substantial hawkbit
24. See 15A
- 25-27R. Rose without an aitch
- 28R-37R. White and fragile: mind don't drop it
29. This 'ere candelabrum now: mighty ornamental
32. Battle of flowers? Indian shot
33. See 40A

- 34R-39U-27R. A companion for Arabis and Alyssum
36. One of my creations: just one
- 40-33. 'It's plain where you'll find me', as the garden pest said: a 26D

DOWN

1. Flowerless? Their flowers are hidden in their fruits
2. A godless collection of plants: a bob's worth perhaps
- 3U. Potplant for the greenhouse or treat as ridge-onions
- 4U. Covered with large showy flowers, but listless
- 5U-6. A weed? Let's show it under another guise
7. See 8
- 8U-7U. May be trenched (see Onions) or planted with marsh marigolds
11. Let the clot join us and fill up with this, and there's your pitcher-plant: quite equal to a bath
14. Water-plant: the *sine qua non* of the Ideal garden
18. Windflower apparently under a change of name
- 19-31. Are seen upon the rising crag: the reverse of har. perennial
- 21U. Put us in peat well mixed for a fine bedding show
26. Gigantic her. plant
27. Pit-plant here: a duck according to Virgil
- 29U. Belgian source of another peat-lover: a dropped aitch would betray you, sir
30. Endless her. border and nothing less than a hero

Solution of No. 1,301



Prizewinners: 1st prize: T. W. Melliush (London, S.E.24); 2nd prize: K. A. Redish (Bexleyheath); 3rd prize: Mrs. P. D. Shenton (Walsall)

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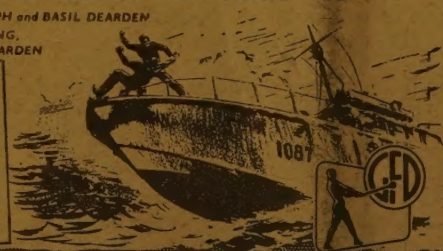
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